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# FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE

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For seven terror-filled days I Was a Killer's Captive. See story, P. 19.



Five years ago he put up a raging battle. And Now He's Sane. Page 48



In the end her favorite town was too small for That Sweet Big-City Sue. P. 44

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### COVER BY BILL STONE

The photograph on page 57 was posed by professional models.

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# The Cleanup Spot

FOR THE THIRD TIME in five years, 54-year-old Camilo Weston Leyra, Jr., stood before Brooklyn Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz to answer charges that he bludgeoned his aged mother and father to death to gain their estate of \$30,000 (*The Too-Perfect Crime*, April FRONT PAGE, 1950). At the first trial Leyra was convicted and sentenced to die in the electric chair, but the New York Court of Appeals reversed the verdict and ordered

slapped her to her apartment during a "fit of jealousy." Her husband, blond, despondent Harry Lee, an alleged Memphis numbers racketeer who was serving a sentence in the State Penitentiary at Nashville for attempting to bribe a police officer, was whisked away to another prison immediately after sentencing of Cox was announced. Prison authorities said it was a "security move" to keep the two men from coming face to face inside prison walls.

BERNARD SCHREIBER, 18, has been convicted of the rape-murder of Mary Jolene Friess, 17, and sentenced to die in the electric chair by a panel of three judges in Toledo, O. (*The Murder of Mary Jolene Friess*, December FRONT PAGE, 1954). Mary Jolene was ambushed, raped and stabbed to death as she rode her bicycle to a rural mailbox. During the trial, Schreiber insisted that a 12-year-old boy helped in the crime, but after the boy testified for two hours, full responsibility was shifted to Schreiber. A motion for a new trial because the state had not proved Schreiber's premeditation of the

HOWARD BOWMAN, 41, who got his kicks from small yellow capsules of nem-butal and frequent bouts with the bottle



(*Courage Comes In Capsules*, May FRONT PAGE, 1954), pleaded guilty to the second-degree murder of his aged mother, Mrs. Iona Bowman, of Chattanooga, Tenn. Bowman was ordered to stand trial after a board of psychiatrists ruled that he was sane and competent to advise counsel. At the time of his arrest, Bowman signed a statement saying he axed his mother to death after she refused to give him money to buy liquor. He was sentenced to serve 20 years on his plea of guilty and, under Tennessee law, will be eligible for parole in 11 years and one month.

THE WAY IS CLEAR for carrying out the death sentences imposed on two soldiers convicted of killing two German civilians in Nuremberg, Germany, nearly three years ago (*Johnny Got His Gun*, September FRONT PAGE, 1952). Privates John Vigneault, and Richard Hagelberger, both 22, were convicted in separate court-martial of the robbery-slayings of Paul Eckart, 56-year-old taxi driver, and Lothar Schlusser, 26-year-old movie projectionist. The sentences of both Vigneault and Hagelberger, now confined to the disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., have been given final approval by President Eisenhower.

PLAIN LUCKY—When they arrested Merle Wayne Ellison for the slaying of Texas Highway Patrolman Robert James Crosby, 28, he said he'd be lucky if he got the electric chair (*Get The Man Who Got Crosby*, March FRONT PAGE, 1955). It took a Houston jury just 20



a new trial. At the second trial, Leyra was again convicted, but the Supreme Court ruled that he had been deprived of his rights because a psychiatrist had been used to obtain an alleged confession. The state has contended all along that Leyra committed the double murder because he needed money to meet the demands of his blonde caharet-girl mistress.

WHILE I'M IN JAIL—In a surprise move, Roger William (Billy) Cox, big burly Nashville, Tenn., mixing bar operator, pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter in the beating-slaying of Vaiden Lee, pretty 19-year-old barmaid (*Please, Baby, While I'm In Jail*, February FRONT PAGE, 1955). District Attorney General J. Carlton Loser asked the criminal court jury which accepted the plea to sentence the 30-year-old defendant to ten years. Jurymen deliberated 57 minutes, set the sentence at seven years. Mrs. Lee died October 20, 1954, after Cox admittedly



murder was rejected by the court on grounds that proof of premeditation was not necessary when the murder resulted from commission of another felony. Attorneys for Schreiber said the conviction would be appealed.

minutes to make his wished-for piece of luck a reality, decide that Ellisson must die in the electric chair. Crosby was shot and killed and a second patrolman wounded when they stopped Ellisson's speeding car. Ellisson, captured three days later by a posse, couldn't tell why he killed Crosby and at the trial based his defense on a plea of insanity.

**ROLLIE M. LASTER**, 21, first of six convicts to be tried for the murder of Walter Lee Donnell during the prison riot at the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City, has been found guilty and sentenced to die in the state gas chamber. (*Death Of a Stoolie*, January FRONT PAGE, 1955) The chief piece of evidence in the four day trial was the confession Laster allegedly made shortly after the riot, and later claimed was made under duress. The state charged that Laster confessed "because he was proud of himself and wanted his act known." When the verdict was read, Laster jumped to his feet. "I'm not guilty," he said. "I'm getting a bum rap right into the gas chamber. I didn't do it and I don't know who did." Said Laster's father, "I know he did not do it. They just want to make an example of him to the other prisoners."

A SECOND DEGREE murder indictment has been returned against 17-year-old Fred Spears for the slaying of his sister, Patricia. (*Boiling Point*, April FRONT PAGE, 1955) Fred made a full confession after viewing his sister's body in a funeral home. A second degree murder indictment signifies that the Bucyrus, O., grand jury was convinced the killing was not premeditated, carries with it a possible life term.

**VIRGINIA STYLE**—For the brutal beach slaying of Howard Englander, 29-year-old aircraft mechanic, Ernest Lee



Edwards, 24, has been found guilty of first degree murder by an all male jury in Brooklyn. (*Don't Put Me In With Him*, October FRONT PAGE, 1954) When

Edwards and his alleged accomplice, Richard P. Connors, also 24, were picked up, Connors told police that they came upon Englander while he was fishing off a lonely Brooklyn beach, claimed that Edwards struck him over the head with a lead pipe in a demonstration of "how we kill Virginia style," then trussed up his body, dumped it in the ocean. The profits were \$1 from Englander's wallet and his automobile which was parked nearby. Connors, who will have to stand trial at a later date, was chief witness against Edwards. Instructed by Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz to return an acquittal verdict for Edwards if they disbelieved any essential part of Connors' story, the jury returned the verdict of guilty with no recommendation for mercy, making a death sentence mandatory.

**IF ONLY SHE HADN'T SCREAMED**—Jean Liger, 28-year-old Frenchman on trial for the murder of his English mistress, blonde Jackie Richardson, 25, was found guilty by a court in Versailles, France, and sentenced to serve seven years in prison. (*Too Much Love*, June FRONT PAGE, 1952) Seven months after her death, Jackie's body was unearthed by workmen on a large French estate, once the rendezvous of Madame DuBarry. Calm after three years' imprisonment, Liger told of a quarrel in which Jackie had fallen on the ground. "What was so horrible," he told the court, "was the sound of her skull as she struck a stone. I'll remember that all my life. If only she hadn't screamed she would be alive today. I was seized by anger. I could not control myself, I never knew that I was strangling her." Liger said he then buried her and hid her personal belongings.

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# FRONT PAGE CASE BOOK

COMPLETE COVERAGE FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS



## ONE FOR THE ROAD

■ One barrel of hot steaming mash, served up for the gutter by Detroit cleanup squad. Just one whiff from third story apartment was enough to lead cops—by the nose—to a still capable of brewing 60 gallons of moonshine a week.



## TOY GUN PLAY

■ A New York dance hall manager who likes all weapons checked at the door called police when a girl complained that Raymond D'Andrea kept his under his shirt. First cop to question D'Andrea got a punch in the nose, fired four warning shots, finally brought him down outside with help from second cop. Offending gun turned out to be a toy.



## DON'T STOP ME

■ Shown a picture of his 20-month-old son, Gary, whom he's accused of kidnaping from his divorced wife, Harold W. Lewis breaks into tears. Five weeks after the divorce in which she was awarded Gary's custody, Mrs. Lewis made a frantic call to the Temple City, Cal., sheriff. Lewis had forced her car to the curb, she said, and brandishing a small box and a steel pistol, seized Gary and told her he was taking him to Chicago. He allegedly told her that the box contained nitroglycerine and that "I'll blow myself up if anyone tries to stop me." When captured in Chicago, Lewis is denied making armed threats. His wife is reunited with Gary, but Lewis faces kidnap charges in California.



## MOTIVE UNKNOWN

■ A husband's suicide explained the who but not the why in the murder of Peggy Gowell, 19, whose hattered body was found in a Carlisle, Pa., apartment. She had been dead three days, and police sent out an alarm for Eugene Gowell, 29, but it was five days before they found his body in stolen car. A bose was rigged from the exhaust pipe. A note confessed Peggy's murder, but the motive went unexplained.



## TIP OFF

■ Still carrying on the struggle at Boston police station, John Gunkel, 20 (light suit) and Gilbert Dyer, 24 (rear left), were charged with suspicion of armed robbery following knock-down, drag-out fight with cops. Acting on tip-off to recent holdups, Gunkel was arrested outside apartment house. "Down in Florida," he allegedly said, "we pulled about six holdups," claimed one victim was assistant to top TV star. Inside apartment, cops found Dyer and companion. Questioned about the holdups, Dyer became violent, crashed his gun over detective's skull, was subdued when another cop gave Dyer the identical treatment.



## CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

■ It took an Ann Arbor, Mich., judge to prove it to Dale Upton (right and left). When cops arrested him on a bad check charge, Dale was the shapely brunette on the left, explained his garb by saying it's no trick to pass a bad check if you can pass as a woman. After accepting his plea of guilty, Judge James B. Breaky ordered him shorn and re-outfitted. The result can be seen at right.

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## 200 preview copies

How did you like the stories and features you've just read in this issue of FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE? We are sending SPECIAL PREVIEW copies of FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE to the first 200 readers who let us know. Simply check off the three titles (and only three) of stories you liked best in this May issue, and mail the ballot to us. Even if your vote isn't among the first 200, you can be sure it will help us decide what kind of stories to print next issue!

- THE NTH DEGREE ☐  
 I WAS A KILLER'S CAPTIVE ☐  
 WHO'D KILL ME? ☐  
 WHERE IS LOLA CELL? ☐  
 MY CONSCIENCE IS DRIVING ME NUTS ☐  
 KEEP HER OUT OF IT ☐  
 THE MURDER THAT SHOOK TEXAS ☐  
 THAT SWEET BIG-CITY SUE ☐  
 AND NOW HE'S SANE ☐  
 LONG VOYAGE HOME ☐  
 BACHELOR'S PARTY ☐  
 BIG BOY'S OUT ☐

We'd appreciate it if you'd also take a minute to vote on the features we've printed. The titles are printed below. Just check off the three you liked the most.

- THE CLEANUP SPOT ☐  
 FRONT PAGE CASE BOOK ☐  
 THE HUMAN TOUCH ☐  
 THE BLOTTER ☐  
 I WAS ONLY DOIN' 40 ☐  
 AND GAVE HER MISTRESS ☐  
 30 WHACKS ☐  
 HEADQUARTERS LINEUP ☐  
 TRAGIC INFERNO ☐

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Occupation ..... Age .....  
 (if housewife, give husband's occupation)



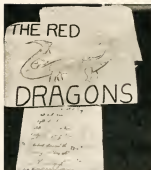
A groom who spent six years under sentence of death, can wait 14 more for honeymoon.

■ Six years ago, Edward Pruszewski, 32, stabbed his first wife to death with a butcher knife as they embraced after a quarrel. He spent two years in an insane asylum, so his release was tried for murder and sentenced to death. Pruszewski was deserted by all his friends except one. For the next four years, the one friend, Stella Gubala, 32, financed his legal fight, spent her evenings typing the legal documents that finally won him a new trial just two days before he was scheduled to die. After hearing the new sentence of 14 years in prison, Pruszewski and Stella took out a marriage license, were married in criminal court by Judge B. Faio Tucker (right). Zoe Kuta, bridesmaid (left), and Thaddeus Todour, best man (second from right) were Pruszewski's attorneys. "Stella has been my whole life," said Pruszewski. "She visited me all the time . . . she wrote me letters." Said Stella, "Cry? Why should I cry . . . We're just two people in love."

■ When they found five-year-old Lloyd George Stanley, in the home of his aunt, Mrs. Virginia Thompson, 29, his body had been burned with a hot iron, 19 of his ribs were broken, there was a gaping wound on his stomach, holes were pierced through his mouth and throat. All the way to the hospital, he kept crying: "Take the iron away," and unable to swallow food, drink or medicine, he died in eight days. Mrs. Thompson, married five times, secretary of her Sunday school class, allegedly confessed torturing the child because he wet the bed and wouldn't mind. "It wasn't the boy I beat, it was the devil. I prayed to God for him, but my son wouldn't help God . . . I know the Lord is on my side." Arraigned for first degree murder, Mrs. Thompson pleaded innocent, was whisked to jail as a voice from the crowd called, "bring that woman out, we got a rope."

Mrs. Thompson (with husband): "It wasn't the boy I beat . . . It was the devil."





■ When Detroit's Police found a small arsenal, a list of rules, and insignia of a society called the Red Dragons, they didn't know if they were dealing with a group of harmless teenagers or had uncovered a gang of organized terrorists. The Arsenal contained 13 BB guns, six rifles. As for the rules, they run as follows: Take him in ambush; Fight it out; Get him when he's hurt; Gag and tie him; Strip him of all his belongings; Leave no witnesses.

■ For two months, everytime New York milkman Jack Hirsch went to get his car to drive home from work, he'd find it in a different place than where he'd left it. Sometimes it was a few feet away, sometimes a few blocks, but the engine was always warm, the gas tank empty by a few gallons. Once he found it blocking the driveway of an irate housewife who would have none of his story that he hadn't parked it there. Hirsch didn't like the state of affairs, but kept it to himself until the day he found his car in nearly the right spot, and a strange young man at the wheel. "What are you doing?" Hirsch demanded. "Parking my car," the young man said. Taken to police headquarters, the young man, who identified himself as Robert Mahler, said that after he'd figured out Hirsch's working schedule, he used the car five nights a week while Hirsch was at work, was always careful to return it before Hirsch's quitting time. He missed the deadline this time because he'd had a slight accident, rumpled one of the car's fenders. Hirsch explained that he hadn't reported his car's strange meanderings before because "I thought the cops would think I was crazy." Mahler was held on \$5000 bail.

■ When officials of the Columbia, S. C., State Prison checked on the heavy influx of packages mailed to convicts, they had to move fast. The packages, addressed to "apartment" numbers corresponding with inmates' cell numbers, contained such items as shoes, boots, watches, watch bands, jackets—all brand new—all coming from a mail order house. The prisoners, it seems, did some spring shopping by mail, and with their orders, enclosed bogus checks to cover payment.

How to avoid "porcupine hair"



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# the Nth degree

*A new way to get at the truth. It's still by degrees, but not by the third.*

by CARL SIFAKIS

■ In the back room at the station house, the captain leans over, chews on his cigar and curses at you. After a loog string of rather dubious adjectives and very improper nouns, he pauses, just glaring at you. You avoid his eyes.

"I'm going to see to it personally that you fry," he says. "I'm going to be there in the death chamber to watch and I'm going to enjoy every minute of it. The last thing you're going to hear is me laughing as they strap you in the chair and throw the switch.

"You had to have that woman, didn't you?" he growls at you. "She wouldn't have you, though, would she? So

you killed her and her husband, didn't you? That was had enough. Why the hell did you have to chop their heads off, too?

"The chair is too good for filth like you. They ought to let me figure out ways to get rid of your type. It wouldn't be so quick or painless. You'd take a loog, long time dying."

You sag in your chair. You want to scream. Or maybe you do scream. You don't even know. All you know is that you want to be left alone. "I—I didn't kill anybody," you manage to stammer. "I don't know nothing about any of

this." He shakes his fist in front of your face. "You huttered them and I'll make you fry for it," he says. Then he backs away from you and looks over at the others. "I'm getting out of here now. I can't stand being near this dirty little hutter."

The captain leaves and one by one the other officers follow. Only one remains, the only guy who didn't give you a hard time since they brought you in and pounded you with questions four hours earlier. You watch this officer. You see the way he stares after the captain. You know there's hate in his eyes. You get the idea that he's your friend.

"Some day," the officer says, handing you a cigaret, "some day they're going to find out this police force has a psycho on it. That guy would send his own grandmother to the chair if she left the cap off the toothpaste."

You nod, take a deep drag on the cigaret and pray the captain stays away for a while.

"It wasn't anything like the way he said it was," the friendly detective says. "Was it?"

"No . . . no," you reply, eagerly.

"I didn't think it was," the detective says, nodding his head sympathetically. "That guy is just off his rocker whenever there's a killing . . . You're no sex fiend. I can see that." He pauses for a moment. Then, calmly, he asks: "Now why did you kill them? Did you have an argument?"

You're tired of denying things. You want to get it off your chest, but you've been afraid. Now your friend has tossed you a straw. You jump for it.

"Yeah," you say, "that's it . . . An argument . . . That's all it was."

Then you blurt out a full confession. You color it a little bit for your own benefit. But this detective doesn't mind. He understands. He's on your side.

When they bring in a stenographer, you hesitate. Then the friendly detective whispers to you to say you won't confess if the captain is around. You go for that. This guy is really helping you! You're tickled pink at giving the captain the business. So you repeat the whole thing and sign the statement. You make them include a hit that you confessed only because the friendly detective understood you and tried to be helpful.

Things work out just great—for the cops. You? You go to the chair.

**N**O, THE captain isn't there when they sentence you. He's in the station house pouring it on some new suspect in connection with some new case, and then, when the time is ripe, passing the play to that good old "friendly" dick. Together, using the smooth "One-Two" or "Mutt and Jeff" approach, as the technique is variously known in police circles, they have set you up for a nice, clean-cut conviction—without benefit of rubber hoses, ice water down the spine, starvation, physical torture of any kind.

The One-Two, like many newly developed psychological techniques used by more advanced law enforcement agencies, has proved a hundred times more effective than the third-degree. There are no tell-tale marks of brutal punishment, confessions come easier and defense lawyers can't keep such statements from being introduced in court.

The One-Two is simple. One detective, often the first one to question a suspect, gets tough and tries to antagonize or frighten him. His teammate moves in gently, be-friending the suspect. The second man stands

out like a friend among many foes and becomes, so to speak, the prisoner's father confessor.

Sometimes the friendly detective pretends to be on the outs with the suspect's chief tormentor. He suggests that the tough officer is out for his scalp, trying to hood him off the force. He cries on the suspect's shoulder and soon the suspect finds himself doing the same.

When cops can get confessions this easily, is it any wonder that in most major police agencies the third degree is used about as often as kerosene lamps are for lighting?

Few police agencies anywhere in the world can match the FBI's record on convictions. Out of every 100 arrests the FBI makes, it gets 97 convictions! But far more impressive than that is the fact that in 94 percent of these convictions the FBI comes into court with a confession from the defendant.

Whenever a record like that is cited, lots of people start wondering exactly how these confessions were obtained. Inevitably the public seems to think in terms of the third degree.

**B**UT take it from Morris L. Ernst, counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union and a figure in countless battles involving violations of the individual's civil rights, the charge of third degree "is almost never raised against the FBI." And when the charge is raised, Ernst adds, the facts just aren't there to back up the claim.

In fact, once police get hold of a guilty man, it's almost dead certain they can get a confession. Eighty-five percent of all persons charged with crimes plead guilty and go to jail without a trial. Says Captain Harold Mulhar of the Michigan State Police: "Of course we know that the vast majority of police officials almost everywhere are today enlightened and decent men who would not think of condoning such third degree methods and will have nothing to do with such unwarranted and unethical brutality. Responsible for the change has been the higher education standards regularly offered to police officers and certainly the much better training systems everywhere available."

An understanding of the emotional drives and psychological needs and shortcomings of the individual has opened new and easier doors to the unveiling of crime. As J. Edgar Hoover once said: "My indignation against the third degree arises from practical as well as humanitarian reasons. No matter how viciously they beat and abuse their suspects, the average third degree officer manages to convict only about one out of every five prisoners whom he takes into court. That is a record of 20 percent efficiency."

A California police authority once listed the only three possible results of third degree treatment: The suspect would finally confess anything, guilty or not; he would go insane; or he would die. After too much of all three of these results occurred a quarter century ago, a Presidential fact-finding group known as the Wickersham Commission was assigned to investigate the extent of third degree methods around the country. Its report of brutal treatment in 29 large cities from coast to coast led to such a public outcry that many police departments finally mended their ways.

Since that time, modern police, through subtle tricks and techniques developed by patient scientific study, have learned to master the mind of the criminal, to make him putty



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in their hands, unable to hide the truth no matter how hard he tries.

The mere arrest of the guilty party is no longer considered labor enough for the good detective. If the detective doesn't get a confession to clinch the case, he's only done half his job. A good detective gets his man and gets him talking. Too often, otherwise, all the police have is a purely circumstantial case, red meat for a good defense lawyer to chop to bits.

Come along on an actual homicide case as it happened in New York City not long ago and see the incredible ease with which confessions come when suspects get the right treatment.

This case starts with a rag picker snooping in garbage cans around Front and Fulton Streets in downtown Manhattan. He happens across two heavy paper soap bags and opens one in the hope of finding a few pennies worth of salvage. He finds, instead, a pair of human arms and legs.

The rag picker calls a cop who opens the other bag. In it is a limbless, headless torso of a man wrapped in an old yellow shower curtain.

Luckily for the homicide detectives, identification comes easily. Fingerprints show that what is left of the body belonged to a 60-year-old numbers policy runner. Missing Persons was on the lookout for him; his relatives hadn't seen him for eight days. The police concentrate on the Washington Heights block where the man lived and made his collections. They search all the buildings until the break comes—a red stain, blood, in the coal bin of an apartment house.

The cops call the superintendent. Before the lieutenant talks to him he whispers assignments to his men. One man is sent to talk to the super's kids, another hits the nearby stores, another the neighbors. The detectives go and come whispering information to the lieutenant. All this while, the lieutenant has been friendly, relaxed, easy-going, making seemingly trivial chit-chat with the superintendent. Then, suddenly, he asks: "Say, where do you keep your empty soap powder bags?"

The super bites his lips. "Don't use any soap powder," he replies, nervously.

"Oh, don't say that," the lieutenant says, his tone cordial, his expression soft. "The grocer across the street says you buy soap powder from him."

There's a pause. The lieutenant doesn't pursue the point about the soap powder. Now, instead, he asks: "What were you doing down on Front Street the other day?"

"I never go to Front Street," the super answers.

"Oh, now don't say that!"

These are the words the super begins to fear. There's no threat in the tone of the lieutenant's voice, but the words frighten him all the same.

The officer continues softly: "You borrowed a station wagon four days ago and you were seen with it at the corner of Front and Fulton."

THE super blinks and then he mumbles something about having gone to the Fulton Fish Market to buy some fish.

The lieutenant whispers something to a detective.

The super wonders: Are they talking about the case, about him? He gets a rest as they

continue to talk, but he's no steel-nerved professional killer and it's the kind of rest that turns a man's hair grey.

The lieutenant faces him again. "What did you do with that old yellow shower curtain you had stored down here?" He's still as friendly as he'd be with his own next-door neighbor.

The super studies the detectives standing around him—about as motley a collection of deadpans as you'd expect to find outside of a wax museum. He fidgets a bit, looks down at his shoes. "I never saw any shower curtain like that," he says.

"Oh, now don't say that," the lieutenant says. "Your son told us you gave it to him when you were cleaning out the empty apartment upstairs."

The trap is tightening. The super's tension increases.

"You told him to put it in the store room," the lieutenant says, softly. He sees he is getting no response and knows the suspect is ready to crack. One little shove will do it. Practically whispering, he says: "I guess we'd better take your boy in."

That does it. The super cracks. He begins to cry and tells how he lost his temper with the bookie when the man refused to take his bet on credit. He strangled him, he says, stuck the head in the furnace and dumped the remains in two grisly packages on Front Street.

That's the case. No fuss, no muss about getting a conviction.



And yet, until the killer confessed, how strong a case of circumstantial evidence did the police have against him? The torso, in a certain brand of soap powder bags; the shower curtain, hard to identify positively, the fact that the super was in the vicinity of the Fulton Fish Market (is there a law against liking fish?); the blood on the basement floor. Only the blood meant anything, and even that wouldn't prove much if only typed and not pin-pointed as the victim's. Juries have acquitted men on more evidence than that.

The confession is what counts. And so today's average detective must be a psychologist of sorts. He must play on a suspect's fear, pride, vanity or hatred.

Lots of egomaniacs would never confess under a third degree; the beatings and torture would stiffen their resistance. They look forward to cruel treatment as part of the game and even squawk when they don't get it. Shrewd detectives have little trouble getting an egomaniac to talk. They don't let him strengthen his egomania by withholding a third degree. Instead they deride him, call him a punk and toss around box seats such as: "A bum like you could never have pulled off this caper."

A FEW hours of this kind of riding and such a suspect has to talk.

Detectives love handling cases where at least two suspects are involved. Why? Because it makes it that much easier to get a confession from one or the other. The "cold-shoulder" treatment is a regular routine.

Buffalo police once picked up a couple of punks on suspicion for a series of burglaries. Immediately they separated them and the precinct captain closely studied the pair's varied personalities. One, call him Ted, had a record longer than his arm, was sulky, quiet, barely likely to talk. The other, Eddie, was a new punk in the racket, fairly clean except for some misdemeanors, nervous, fingering his wedding band and obviously thinking about his wife.

The police put them in separate cells and then took Ted away. When he returned 20 minutes later, Eddie wanted to know what had happened.

"Nothing," Ted shrugged. "They took me to the captain's office. He was writing at his desk and never said a word to me. Then he sent me back."

Eddie didn't know what to think. An hour later the routine was repeated and when Ted returned he told the same story. He kept telling Eddie to keep cool. What Eddie couldn't figure was why the cop who brought Ted back kept joking with him and slapping him on the shoulder, so chummy-like. The next time they took Ted away he didn't return for an hour-and-a-half. He told Eddie that the captain was still busy and that "he let me sit around the office and listen to the Yankee ball game."

Eddie told himself he wasn't sucker enough to believe that. He started yelling and pretty soon he was in the captain's office, spilling everything. He'd been tricked, of course, into thinking that his buddy, who'd actually told the truth, had been doing some spilling of his own—and in a version of his own.

The wave of anti-communist sentiment sweeping the country today has been a valued aid to local police. More than one stubborn housebreaker, steadfast against confessing, starts blabbing when he is purposely allowed to overhear a superior order a detective to call the FBI because "this guy is probably a spy." The thief overhears that the house he robbed belonged to some top atomic scientist. A criminal may be willing to take his chances on a simple felony; but start saying he's in espionage and he'll generally break down to get out from under what he fears to be a charge a hundred times more serious.

Many hit-and-run confessions come only after a detective sternly informs a suspect: "We're on to you, bud. This is no simple hit-and-run. We have good reason to believe you knew the victim. We got you on premeditated murder. (Continued on page 14)

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ZONE . . . . STATE . . . . .

And you know what that means, don't you?"

One California detective uses the same sort of gimmick by bringing up an unsolved kidnapping. Whenever he gets a suspect for any crime who remotely resembles the description of the kidnaper, he loudly proclaims that a major case has just been solved. A couple of hours of this and the suspect starts singing about the case he was really nabbed for. "Look, fellows," one croak said, "you know I sometimes pull a little heist or handle some hot stuff, but you know I'd never pull a snatch."

There is no set rule about what approach to use on a suspect. It's often a hit-and-miss affair until the detective finds the right one. Many suspects give in when their story is shot full of holes by logical argument.

Sometimes when a suspect has a phony story memorized in advance, the police can rattle him by simply demanding he recite it backwards—tell where he was last for the period in question, where he was immediately before that, and so on. That's a tough chore for a man who memorized his story only one way.

He pauses, stammers, gets all his facts jumbled and contradicts himself so often that he finally gives up in disgust.

If a suspect insists he was at a movie or just driving around in his car the time of the crime, the "location gag" will often trip him up.

Suppose he says he was at a downtown movie. One of the officers will immediately chime in: "Hey, that was my day off and I was at that movie too. Wasn't that something the way the film broke four times during the picture?"

Some suspects realize it might be a trap, but they can't be sure. The officer might have been there, so plenty end up saying: "Yeah, that sure was something."

Or when the suspect outlines the route he drove in his car, a detective asks: "Well, at exactly that time there was a big fire on Main Street. What building was it?"

Some suspects give up right there. But the smart one may say: "I don't know. When I saw the traffic tie-up, I cut around it." That keeps him in the clear until the detective announces: "There was no fire on Main, buddy. What do you think of that?"

There is an endless variety of these bluff techniques, all of which are successful at least some of the time.

The rule seems to be; as long as a detective states no fact that the suspect can contradict, his bluff has a good chance of throwing fear into the prisoner. Once he does, however, the suspect realizes it's all a bluff and probably won't fall victim to any psychological device.

ONE policeman once told a suspect there were witnesses who saw him, among others in a gang, coming out of a warehouse. The suspect knew the cop was bluffing because he hadn't been in the warehouse at all. He had been acting as a lookout more than a hock away. He never confessed and was convicted only after another member of the gang implicated him later.

Criminals under arrest are frightened men, men who know they have done wrong. If coaxed along properly they can be made to confess, as long as they are given some face-saving device or justification for their crimes.

One first offender broke down quickly under the following approach from a shrewd detective: "I think you just got into bad company. Here you are 40 years old and never before in trouble. I'll bet you didn't like it when that attendant was slugged, that you wanted to quit the whole business right there. You look a pretty good Joe to me, but that partner of yours is plenty vicious, or he wouldn't have slugged that boy. Maybe you knew your partner was tough and were afraid to quit."

Oddly enough, rookie policemen can be among the best confession-getters. Whenever a repeater just out of prison is arrested, one wise police captain always sends in a rookie to talk to him.

"You want me to try to get him to confess?" the rookie will ask.

"Just go and talk to him," the captain replies. "You can learn a lot talking to him. Ask him what it's like in prison, what he thought about all the time he was there, how he felt when he was released."



A rookie policeman talking to an ex-con has one important qualification—sincerity. He honestly wants to know those things. He can take an intense interest in the criminal. He sometimes finds himself feeling a little sorry for the guy. This gives the criminal the justification he needs and he starts talking about the life of crime, about how tough it is for an ex-con to get a job. Pretty soon, he has talked himself into a confession and a trip back to the penitentiary.

In general, if a detective can find the emotional key to a suspect's mind he can get him talking. Usually it's love or pride for someone—a wife, a mother, or even just a happy memory of a childhood incident.

The FBI was called in once when a batch of rifles was stolen on an army post. The military officers had a suspect, the only person who logically could have taken and disposed of the rifles with ease. But they had no proof.

The agents tried one trick after another, but couldn't get the man talking. Then they started looking for an emotional key. Family

and the like got no result. Then one agent asked the soldier how long he'd been in the army.

"Nine years," the soldier answered. He sounded right proud of the fact.

The FBI men knew they had their angle now. Wasn't it a joke, one of them said, how the army couldn't even clear up a little matter like some missing rifles without calling in the FBI. "De these officers around here think this is all we have to do?" Suddenly the agents hinted that it was almost disloyal for anyone to put the army on such a spot, making it a laughing stock. The FBI men couldn't have guessed the suspect more if they were a pair of Marines.

THE soldier's lips tightened, but he said nothing. After an hour or so, the FBI men left the room and told the company commander to go inside and the soldier saluted and said: "Sir, I stole those rifles. I wouldn't tell those fellows, but I want to tell you."

The FBI men had armed the captain with pen and paper and a written confession was taken quickly. There was good reason for the speed in which this was done, because half an hour later the soldier was sore at himself for "being sucker enough to confess."

That isn't unusual. A strong emotional response such as that was worn off in a hurry, the suspects recovers quickly and wonders why he ever talked.

That is the real reason why so many defendants in court try to repudiate their confessions and charge third degree when there was none—at least physically.

Of course, like all good things, these new psychological approaches have a drawback. One New York psychiatrist says that many of these devices can wear down the mind that they should be called "menticide." Anyone can be made to confess to anything if the pressure is great enough, he insists.

It's no wonder then that innocent men have gone to jail after confessing under such mental pressure. Edwin M. Borchard, a Yale law professor who has made a life study of miscarriages of justice, has said: "Even without the use of formal third degree methods, the influence of a stronger mind upon a weaker (often the case with criminals) produced by persuasion or suggestion gets the desired results."

In Connecticut once, State's Attorney Homer Cummings, in what is now a legal classic, refused to try a man who confessed under pressure to the murder of a priest. Instead Cummings handed him over to doctors and later explained: "It was the opinion of the physicians that any confession made by the accused was totally without value, and they were of the opinion also that if they cared to subject the accused to a continuous and fatiguing line of interrogation, accusation and suggestion, in due course he would be reduced to such a mental state that he would admit practically anything that his interrogators desired."

All the police need to know is some weakness or fear a person has, and the rest is easy.

In Wisconsin a man named Johnson confessed to the murder of a little girl and served 11 years before the real killer was identified. The police never so much as slapped him, but an agent for a private detective agency called in to help the local authorities found out Johnson was once in the South and had seen a mob lynch a man, riddle his body with bul-



# The Human Touch

**ROAD WORK**—In Milwaukee, Wis., Judge Frank E. Gregorski sentenced a traffic violator to run back and forth to work every day. The violator, whose drivers' license was revoked for drunken



driving made the mistake of telling the judge he was an amateur boxer. The judge thought he should get in "real good shape."

**SAW ONLY THE BIRDIE**—While he poked his head under a black cloth to focus his tripod-mounted camera, a photographer in Newark, N. J., told police, someone stole another camera he had set up to take a picture of a store front.

**LOOKED LIKE GUN TOTERS**—A budding robber saw two men in Springfield, Ill., felt he could trust them and offered them part of the loot from a hold-up he planned if they would get him a gun. Trustworthy as they looked, he wound up in jail. One was a detective and the other a former policeman.

**GOOD JUDGE**—The laconic safe-cracker who found himself bested by a safe in Los Angeles, Cal., after an insurance company had replaced an old one that had been cracked twice, put his seal of approval on the new safe. In chalk he wrote across the door, "Good safe."

**SHORT ORDER**—In Marion, Ill., a man told a judge he was a vagrant and wanted a five-month jail sentence. When



the judge found out why, he was only too glad to oblige. The "vagrant" explained that he was a lurch wagon cook on the county fair circuit in summertime and would be out of work until June. Almost any jail can use a cook.

(Continued from page 14)  
lets, cut him down and stab him over 100 times. The scene left Johnson petrified.

Once the agent knew this it was simple to worry Johnson about a "mob" outside the jailhouse. Johnson admitted the crime out of fear he would be lynched.

Another startling case of a phony confession, extracted to a large extent by mere mental pressure, broke in Philadelphia a few years ago. It started back in 1936 when the bullet-ridden body of a policeman named James T. Morris was found in an empty lot.

Cop killings don't go unsolved and the Philadelphia police promptly cracked a confession from a suspect, but then on second thought, they let him go and got hold of another man. As coincidence would have it, the second man obligingly confessed too, and off he went to the penitentiary. Three years later darned if the police didn't have another whim. They decided a mad-dog gunman named Jack Howard was the killer. This time they didn't get a confession—only because Howard was dead, killed in a gun duel.

The police, evidently, hated the thought of being without a confession to "cinch" the case. So they decided that Howard had had an accomplice. The accomplice, they concluded, was one Rudolph Sheeler who had every prerequisite to make a confession—he was alive.

Sheeler vanished into the recesses of City Hall. A week later he told all, and was promptly sentenced to life imprisonment by a judge who solved the problem of the man already serving time for the murder by transferring him to a mental institution from which he conveniently escaped.

It took Sheeler 12 years to clear himself. He told how he was battered with questions for hours on end until he could take no more. And Sheeler's wife dug up records that proved her husband was at work in New York at the time of the killing in Philadelphia. When, seven years after his conviction, Sheeler told all these facts to the prison chaplain, the priest promptly went to the judge who had sentenced Sheeler. The judge, however, wasn't interested. "He confessed," he declared blandly. "And that's all there is to it."

Sheeler stayed in jail five more years until, finally, he got a new trial through the efforts of a University of Pennsylvania criminal law professor named Louis B. Schwartz. This time the state got a verdict of not guilty.

Said Judge James Gay Gordon Jr.: "This is a black and shameful page in the history of the Philadelphia police department and an ominous counterpart of what occurs daily behind the Iron Curtain. The police had not one scintilla of evidence."

The mental third degree, if that's a fair name to call it, isn't perfect. In the hands of over zealous investigators, it still may catch the innocent with the guilty. But no advanced police force will give it up—and certainly not for the old system of the fists, the "number twelves," the rubber hose.

Sure, every police department may have a few old-schoolers around, men who smack and kick every crook that comes within reach—"just for luck," as some of them say. But more and more of the boys are forgetting about the muscle method and are concentrating on getting confessions the mental way.

Every good cop has learned the truth in the old adage; honey catches more flies than vinegar.

## MEN PAST 40

**Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.**

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glanular Inflammation. A constitutional disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

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**RECTAL COLON**  
Are often associated with Glanular Inflammation. We can treat these for you at the same time.

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HIGHLIGHT BOOK







# THE BLOTTER

Address The Editor,  
Front Page Detective, 261 Fifth Ave.  
New York 16, N. Y.

## OLD SENSATION

I was very pleased to see the case of William Marsh Rice brought to light after so many years (*The Man Who Murdered a Millionaire*, March FRONT PAGE, 1955). To those of us who remember the case, the most sensational of its day, it made wonderful reading . . .

Mrs. M. R. Teeter, New York, N. Y.

## MY ONLY FRIEND

The story, *He Was My Only Friend* (March FRONT PAGE, 1955), was one of the most unusual, and one of the best, that I've ever read in a detective magazine. My heart went out to Billie the Cat Boy. . . . No boy of 14 should have to scrounge around on the streets for something to



eat, and crawl into basements at night to sleep. You can't call a boy a criminal for what he does when his life is that hellish. . . . I'm shocked that there was no place except a reform school to send him when they caught him stealing something. Sending a boy to reform school isn't an act of charity or kindness, and charity and kindness are exactly what he needed most. . . .

J. I. Dorfman, New York, N. Y.

I was shocked to read that in this day and age, a child of 14 could find no place to live except on the streets. It doesn't make sense to spend the kind of money that we do on parks and playgrounds, etc., to help give underprivileged children a place to play if they don't even have a bed to sleep in. I remember my grandfather telling me that when he first landed in New York many years ago, he noticed swarms of dirty children, ragged, unkempt, and apparently homeless, wandering the streets at night, stealing whatever they could lay their hands on. . . . But I thought that the day of the waif and the street urchin had passed forever. There is no excuse for there being a single case of a homeless child in our cities. For the child who is so unfortunate as not to have a home he can go to, food and shelter are the minimum things we could

provide so he won't have to know the terror of being on the city streets alone at night. . . .

Oliver Hough, New York, N. Y.

## GIANT WITH GUTS

You should print more stories like the one in your January, 1955, issue entitled, *Take One Giant Step*. . . . I am serving my tour of duty in Japan . . . there seems to be an evil existing in our own country that people have forgotten about . . . we need more shining examples of courage like that shown by Pat McKenna in opposition to vice and crime. There's an old saying: Fight evil with good. Therefore, good articles like *Take One Giant Step* will give Americans a chance to see there was someone with guts fighting on the right side. . . .

Paul Barinla, Laseba, Japan

## NO DEFENSE

What gives down there in Nashville, Tenn.? A guy has dozens of girls working for him, and he picks on the one defenseless one (*Please, Baby, While I'm In Jail*, February FRONT PAGE, 1955). I hope you let us know what they did with that guy. . . .

R. D. Baker, Flint, Mich.

Editor's note: For the sentence of Roger W. Cox, the accused in the above story, see THE CLEANUP SPOT.

## THEY'LL TELL YOU ANYTHING

I've often wanted to write and tell you how much I enjoy your stories . . . especially since I've been living in Bermuda, I've read and re-read them. But I really was disturbed when I read *If These Were Your Children* (February FRONT PAGE, 1955). I'm a mother, 23 years old, and have two baby boys, and I'd like to say one thing. I believed that girl when she said she thought she'd taken a vitamin pill just before she died. I've only been married four years, but I know that young boys and men will tell you anything. . . .

Mrs. G. Burger, Warwick, Bermuda

Whoever said "The ostrich-like attitude of the average adult toward the biological facts of life for teenagers is more to blame for this tragedy than the young man," is at least partly right. . . . Nobody in his right mind would say to a teenager, "Follow your every impulse, act as nature directs." But if teachers, preachers, parents and judges would put less pressure



on the young, if our society in general would be more understanding about the natural urges of the growing human being and less hypocritical, many young persons could be salvaged to become useful and respected people. Neither the boy or girl in this case was had or criminal, at least to begin with. . . .

Della Shields, Ocala, Fla.

For Americans living overseas it might appear that what goes on back home is not our concern. With a foregone feeling of "what's the use," I would like to comment on the story in the February issue, *If These Were Your Children*. The girl, of course, as invariably and always in these cases, is beyond judgment. The one responsible for her death, however, is not, and if it is true that he could be your boy or mine and that the usual economic and social factors contributing to his delinquency are missing here, what kind of rehabilitation do those defending him recommend? In the same issue, the offender in *What Have They Done To My Baby?* appears to be in some danger, whereas this boy apparently is not. If any mercy is warranted here, it is certainly for the sake of his parents only.

Paul Gruber, Barcelona, Venezuela

## FOLKS FIRST, THEN KIDS

I've been reading your magazine now for quite some time and it is very good, but these people who are always climbing on juveniles should first look at the parents. I ain't shaming my mouth off about something I don't know about either. I



was put in reform school on the say-so of my parents. My father is a drunkard and my mom was having a hard time feeding my brothers and sisters. Sure, I stole, I did a lot of stealing, but I wanted to eat. We lived in a house so full of rats we had to throw things at them to keep them away from us at night. I wore the same pair of pants for months at a time without a change. Now I'm in the service and doing fine. I've got a good record and I work hard. Tell those people to start with the parents and work down to the kids. I might have messed up bad if it weren't for a priest who liked me. If you want to help the kids, help their folks first. . . .

R.B., APO, New York, N. Y.

## BIG CITY SIN

I've just read *The Texas Girl Racket* (March FRONT PAGE, 1955), and I'd like to say that these girls have no one to blame but themselves. Most of them would exchange their body for a "weed" or a drink, let alone sell it. . . . However, having traveled around quite a lot in the past nine years, I find these things no uncommon occurrence in any large city. What I am trying to point up is the grand job FRONT PAGE editors are doing in exposing these rackets. I would like to see one story in every issue exposing rackets in some large city. If everybody would read these stories instead of some of the things they do read that put wayward ideas in their minds, I believe decent citizens would put enough pressure on the city and state officials to wipe out these situations. . . .

S. C. Garrett, Jr., Louisville, Ky.



Mary with Investigator Barbour (left) and Sergeant Taylor. "I went to sleep and dreamed I heard a shot. It was no dream."

# I WAS A KILLER'S CAPTIVE

This is the exclusive account by a 19-year-old girl who for seven days was caged up with a killer and threatened with death if she tried to escape, because she had been a witness to murder

*Don't get the wrong idea.*

*There's a difference between me and Red.*

*I'm in here on a technicality*

by **MARY ROMBALSKI**

BAKERSFIELD, CAL., FEBRUARY 4, 1955

■ I don't mind talking about it, really. Not any more. Fact is, it helps me get the whole thing clear in my own mind. It still seems like a bad dream.

That's a funny thing, my mentioning dreams. I used to have nightmares when I was a little girl. You know the kind. I'd dream something terrible happened to mama, like maybe an auto accident. I'd wake up crying and it would seem so real that I couldn't get it out of my head.

So I'd get out of bed and pad barefoot into mama and papa's room. Papa would be snoring like an outboard motor and mama would be sleeping peacefully beside him with her hair falling over the pillow. When my heart slowed down to normal, I'd slip in beside mama and snuggle up close. Sometimes I wouldn't fall asleep for an hour, just hugging her tight.

What I mean is, this thing that happened to me was like a dream, but everything was still all wrong when I woke up.

continued on next page

## Traveling like I did you meet all the heels. You're fair game

I went to sleep and dreamed I heard a shot. When I woke up it was no dream. There I was, smack in the middle of a murder.

That's why I'm here in the Juvenile Home at Bakersfield, Cal., a town where I have oo friends or relatives. Oh, they treat me nice, all right. Sergeant Joe Taylor has been as sweet as he can be. So has Mr. Wooldridge, the district attorney. And my own lawyer, Sheldoo Krasow, has been just like a brother. They all know I'm telling the truth.

I'm a material witness in that murder I mentioned: The People vs. Stapleton. That's Red, a big, lanky, grinning, bragging, loud-mouth fellow from Brady, Tex. Him and his big talk! He's the one that landed me in this hot water. And that poor little man at the filling station! It twists me up inside to think of it.

I don't want you to get the wrong idea about me. On the record I don't look too good right now. "After all," you might say, "she's charged with murder, too. Same as Max Stapleton." I call him Red, on account of his hair.

But there's a difference between me and Red. He's been indicted by the Kern County grand jury, and he pleaded

guilty to murder in superior court just yesterday, February 4, 1955.

I'm not under indictment. I am charged in municipal court, but that's just what Mr. Wooldridge calls a technicality.

I'm going to testify against Red next week when Judge Howden decides whether it was first or second-degree murder when Red killed Orville Johnson. After that, I'll be taking the bus home to my folks in Middlesboro, Ky. Papa's going to get me a job.

I won't be in any hurry to leave home again. I can tell you that. Not after what I've been through!

**M**Y folks are hoonest, ordinary, hard-working people. I've got three brothers and a sister, all smarter than me. At least ooce of them ever got in a mess like this.

I'm 19 years old and five feet two inches tall. I weigh 115 pounds in my panties and bra. Of course, that counts ten pounds I've gained in the month I've been here. My figure—well, it's right in the right places. I've got brown hair and brown eyes and a face I'm not ashamed of.

Let's put it this way: I've been whis-

tled at plenty of times; a lot of fellows have thought I was cute.

Red did at first. That was before he found out that I wasn't the gun-moll type.

I grew up in Tennessee and Kentucky, a small-town girl with romantic notions about excitement and opportunity in the big cities. Mama and papa tried to talk me out of that, but I didn't listen. I was 18, tired of high school, tired of the boys at home and hungry for "independence."

I landed in Milwaukee with one suitcase of clothes and almost no money. I had some ideas about modeling, but I had to settle for a job in a factory. I met my husband there. I'm not going to spend too much time on him. It's all over between us. It shouldn't have happened in the first place.

My husband wasn't exactly a dreamboat, looking back at him. But he took me to dances and shows, and he was the oarest thing to romance I found in Milwaukee. Besides, he was a nice guy. So we got married.

I won't bore you with the laundry list of things we fought about in our few months of marriage. Let's just say that he couldn't stand me and I couldn't



That poor man at the filling station. It twists me up inside to think of it.



Red's first shot went through the door.

stand him. I finally gave it up as a bad job. I walked out. I think he was just as glad. I haven't heard from him to this day.

The longest bus ticket I could afford put me in St. Louis. From then until almost Christmas, 1954, I was a gal on the move. I'd get a job as a hasher, save enough for another bus trip and pull up stakes. I was heading generally west.

I was like a million other oot-bad-looking gals. I had California in the back of my mind. Hollywood, I guess. If you think I was nuts, I'll be the first to agree.

Let me tell you one thio. Traveling and working like I did is the way to meet most of the heels in the U.S.A. I'd get a waitress job and it wouldn't be two days before the boss was hinting I owed him small sex favors. You know what I mean. That would be the end of that job.

Soon as they find you're single and away from home, you're fair game for every Romeo on U. S. 66. Did I tell you I tried hitchhiking a couple of times? The stuff I had pulled on me—oh, brother! After ooe or two of those rides, I made up my mind I'd walk to Los Angeles if I couldn't afford the bus.

Well, I'd lost a lot of my romantic notions—but not all of them, unfortunately, by the time I got to the little burg of Brady, Tex.

**B**RADY must be the place they mean when they talk about deep in the heart of Texas. It's on Highway 67, right in the center of the state, southwest of Fort Worth and northwest of Austin. Population about 5000, not counting turkeys. They got a million turkeys there, I guess. It's a sort of poultry shipping point.

But Brady was no worse than a lot of other towns I'd been in since I left St. Louis and Kansas City. And they've got a few restaurants there and I was broke. About a week before Christmas I was wearing a blue-and-white uniform, slinging hash in a local beanery. It wasn't a bad place, for a change. The boss didn't make any passes, the kitchen was clean, and they had a nice fornica counter that was easy to wipe off.

I saw Red Stapletoe for the first time on Wednesday night, December 22. I've had plenty of time to remember the date since then.

That was the day I should have started home to Kentucky.

He came in about 9 o'clock at night



That's Red, a big, lanky, grinning, bragging, loud mouth from Brady, Tex.

and ordered coffee at the counter. I don't know if you ever met any Texans. If you have, you know they don't just sit down and say "Coffee, please," like most folks. They got to make a little speech about it.

So this red-haired fellow said, "Say thar, purty gal, how about a cuppa java for ol' Red, here?"

I had to smile the way he said it. He looked about my own age, 19. So that was mistake Number One—I smiled when I gave him his coffee.

He flashed me that big, crooked grin that I came to know too well later on. "You're oow here, aren't you?" he asked.

That was a standard opening. I'd heard it a hundred times before in the past few months. I should have said, "I'm not *thar* new," and turned my back on him. But I didn't.

I've tried to analyze my feelings many times since then. I've figured it out that I was just plain lonely.

In the first place, Red was young the same as me. He was a local fellow, which seemed to put him in a different class from the average guy making a pitch. And there's no getting around it, there was something attractive about him.

He wasn't handsome; not by a loog

shot. He was a long-legged beanpole with a big, sunburned hawk's nose and lots of freckles. His hair was the color of raw carrots. He talked real Tainas drawl. It was a voice I liked to listen to at first. Later, it grated on me like fingernails on a blackboard.

Well, Red kept talking, telling me what a "purty gal" I was, and I kept listening and laughing in spite of myself. He must have drunk five cups of coffee sitting there halling that night.

He was strictly local, like I said, practically a hayseed, born and raised right there in Brady. He'd had about the same amount of school as me, maybe less. He'd done a little time in the army until they booted him out—he was real proud of that.

"I was too tough for the army," he'd say, grinning real foxy.

He wasn't working. He'd had some kind of farm job but didn't like it. His idea was to get out of Brady, "get to the big town and do some livin'."

Oh, he was full of big talk. He knew how to "make connections." He could "get onto some big deals" if he could just get away from Brady. He had friends who were "picking up heavy sugar" in Las Vegas and Los Angeles.

All that didn't impress me too much. I figured he was just blowing smoke, like most kids do when they're 19 or 20. But one thing did strike me: He had a cousin in Covina, a little town just outside Los Angeles. He was talking about driving out there to see this cousin.

That started the wheels turning in my head, all right. I still had California on the brain. This sounded like a free ride to Hollywood.

I saw quite a bit of Red Stapleton in the next couple of days. He'd hang around the restaurant, drinking coffee and shooting the breeze. After work, I'd go to the drive-in theater with him. He had a beat up 1950 two-door Ford sedan.

**W**ED talk about California and how we'd like to put Brady, Tex., behind us. I don't know what was the matter with me. I sort of went for the guy at this stage. Sure, I'm a woman; I've got no heart of stone; I can be sweet-talked.

Let's just make one thing crystal clear: At this point I wasn't objecting when Red put his arm around my shoulder, and I wasn't turning away when he kissed me. But our personal relations never got out of hand, either then or later.

Getting on with the story, I made a serious boo-boo on Christmas Eve. I must have had stars in my eyes—Holly-

wood stars. Anyway, Red had no money—I mean he was stoney—and little ol' Mary Ruth says she'd pay for the gas if he wanted to head for California.

"You won't have to pay all the way, Mary," Red promised. "You just put in a tankful now and we'll go see a relative of mine in San Antonio. She'll give me dough."

We pulled into San Antonio on Christmas Day. One of Red's woman relatives wasn't exactly overjoyed to see him. I gathered she was pretty broke. She finally told Red she was sorry, but nothing doing. No money.

Red put on quite an act—at least, that's what I thought it was at the time. I know better now.

He stormed and threatened. If the woman wouldn't give him money, he knew other ways to get it. He went out to the car and came back in the house waving an ugly, black automatic. It was one of the 9mm. foreign makes.

"This is my meal ticket," he told the woman. "This'll take me anywhere and buy me anything I want."

The relative acted scared to death. I thought Red was just showing off, though I wondered about the gun. He finally stuck it back in his pocket and said we'd drive on to El Paso and visit some of his cousins.

The woman was glad to see us leave. I could tell that.

As soon as we got on the highway, Red took the gun out and put it on top of the heater, under the dashboard.

"Red," I said.

"Yeah?"

"Where'd you get that gun?"

He glared at me just as he had with his relative. His eyes were hard and narrow. With his big hooked nose, he looked like an eagle ready to pounce. "I got it from a guy. Why?" There was a challenge in his voice.

"No reason," I said quickly. "I just wondered. Did you mean what you told that woman?"

"About what?"

"About using that gun?"

"Listen, you just forget about that gun. I told you, we're going to see my relatives in El Paso, and then we're going to see my cousin in Covina. Isn't that what you wanted—to get to Los Angeles?"

"Yes, but—"

"But nothing!" He was starting to get mad again, like with that woman. "You're getting a ride! Now shut up!"

I shut up. After a while he seemed to get over it. I decided he'd just been kidding.

It seemed I was right when we got to El Paso. We saw his uncle and a couple of cousins. They were nice

people, and they treated Red and me like special guests.

That night, December 26, one of the cousins suggested we should all go to a movie. Red didn't want to. "You go along, Mary," he said. "I think I'll just cruise around town."

So I went to the show with Red's cousin. We saw "The Caine Mutiny." It was real good.

Red and I left for Los Angeles the next morning. Red paid for the gas when we filled up. That surprised me. I was real naive. "Did your uncle lend you some money?" I asked.

**H**E gave me a wise grin. "I'm loaded," he said, tossing me his wallet. "Take a look. Ol' Red knows what he's doing."

I counted the money. There was almost \$250 in greenbacks. "That's a lot of money," I said. That was all I could think of to say. It was the most money I'd ever seen at one time in my life.

"You string along with me and there'll be plenty more where that came from," he said. He was awful pleased with himself.

"Your uncle didn't give you all that," I said, beginning to see the light.

"Hell no, he didn't! I knocked over a liquor store last night."

"You stole it?" I guess I looked like a five-year-old kid that finds out there isn't any Santa Claus.

"Wise up, baby," he said. "It happens every day. Why shouldn't I get my share? I just took the old persuader and stuck it in this guy's face, and he handed over 250 bucks."

I edged over as far as I could in the seat. "I don't want any part of it. You let me off at the first town we get to."

His hand shot out like a snake. His fingers closed around my neck till I couldn't breathe. I could see the little red hairs on his arm. He kept driving along, holding my throat till things started turning black.

Then he let go. "You started this trip with me and you're not getting off till the end of the line," he said. His voice sounded like rocks grinding together. "You got that clear in your mind?"

I couldn't squeak out a word. I just nodded, glad to be able to draw a breath again.

From then on he watched me like a cat does a mouse. When we'd stop to eat, I couldn't even go to the ladies room without him waiting outside the door.

We got into Los Angeles late the afternoon of December 28, barely speaking to each other. I was hoping he'd let me out. I offered to swear on a stack of Bibles (Continued on page 91)





# WHO'D KILL ME?

1. One of the girls I pampered with mink, champagne and attention? One of these charming pretties to whom I gave a key to my house, helped establish in business, took with me to Florida? Would one of them kill me?
2. One of the men from whom I stole one of these women? One of these cry-babies who didn't have my flair with a waltz . . . or a cheekbook?
3. Certainly it wasn't my butler. He was my friend. Or the handyman. He liked me. I used to give him my used suits and tuck \$10 bills in the pockets.
4. One of these unknowns who had been threatening me? The one who pitched a rock through my window last August with the note tied to it. The one who accosted me in Central Park?
5. Was it one of these fellows who tried to extort half a million dollars from me? They said I owed them the money. They said . . . but the brains of that gang is out on the west coast.
6. One of these creeps in prison? One I promised to help and never did? One who called me a coward?
7. That old gent who tried to drop the water cooler on me . . . no . . . he was just upset, upset because I'd ruined him.
8. How about the others I ruined? The men who thought they could grab onto Croesus' shirttails and found out no one was using the shirt but me. Maybe one of them?

*I wish I could help you, Inspector, but you see how things are now . . . and after all . . . What's in it for me?*



# WHO'D KILL ME?

*One problem was suspects:*

*There were too many. Another problem*

*was motives: There were dozens.*

*The murder might go unsolved,*

*but it certainly wouldn't go unsung*

by JOHN V. TEN EYCK

NEW YORK, N. Y., FEBRUARY 17, 1955

■ He might be part of the steel in the knives you use, or some of the oil in the car you drive. He missed by a whisker controlling the records you hear and the movies you see and if he'd lived a year longer he might have had a franchise on the air you breathe or the garbage you dump. He had his thumb in a thousand pies and his finger in as many eyes and when he was murdered the reverberations started at Wall Street and traveled uptown (by cab and in mink) to the offices of the real estate mighties, the doors of the plushiest saloons and the flats of shopgirls and hockeys until finally they came to rest in the Sixty-seventh Street police station where, Commissioner Francis Adams admitted, they might rattle the windows for a long time to come.

This was Serge Rubinstein, a man who by his own reckoning was worth \$25,000,000 and by his own guile had made each one of those dollars do the work of 1000.

When he died it was in midnight blue silk pajamas, his mouth sealed shut with surgical tape, his ankles and wrists bound with venetian blind cord. He was laid to rest in a satin lined coffin (list price: \$6500) and covered with the soil of a country he refused to defend.

Of the dozens of beautiful women whose names helped fill six large black ledgers, only one came to pay her respects at his hier, and the tears shed at the funeral were limited almost exclusively to his 78-year-old mother and an 82-year-old aunt. To them he was still a little boy, generous, kind and considerate. To the army, he was a draft dodger; to the State



Cameras were ready for the parade of witnesses into 67th St. Police Precinct, but results looked like a turtle derby.

Department, he was a man without a country; to his women, he was a gent, free with a mink stole and a house key. But to the people who knew him best—to the financiers, the stockbrokers, the promoters and the underwriters—he was a ruthless operator who had ruined more men financially than the crash of '29. To Serge himself, he was a genius, born into a world of fools.

The devilish machinations for which he became infamous and loathed were attributed by some to pure cussedness, by others to unadulterated evil and by his mother to a fall from a penny. But all were of a mind that Serge had been cut from a most peculiar bolt of goods and that the wicked fairy had got her licks in early.

Forty-six years passed between the time

young Serge romped over the lush acreage of his multi-millionaire father in Russia and learned the value of the ruble at the knee of the man who was money lender to the Tsar, and the morning in January of 1955 when that same Serge lay bound, gagged and throttled on the green carpeted floor of his 22x22 bedroom in one of Fifth Avenue's lavishly furnished mansions. But the man Serge, with his address books filled with the names of some of the country's most beautiful women and his bank books filled with lists of equally beautiful figures, was not far different from the boy Serge who, at the age of eight in St. Petersburg, was asked what he would like most to be. "A grand duke," he replied, "because they drive the biggest, blackest cars and have the loveliest blonde women."

continued on next page





814 Fifth Avenue, one-time house of art treasures, but now a house of mystery.



Commissioner Adams (glasses) in the marble floored, tapestry hung reception hall of Rubinstein home tells reporters: "You'll be around a few more days."



Serge makes his last exit down the red carpeted stairs.



Bereaved mother: To her the man had always been kind, considerate and generous. She would miss the boy.



Reporters scratch for news from Asst. D.A. Herman (R.).



James Moss, handyman; William Morder, butler (right). A friend was dead.



Stanley Stanley: "It was a mob killing . . . the syndicate . . . a paid killing, not robbery."

Cab driver Ernest La Medica remembered the trip from club, quarter tip, woman in red.



## Was a strange woman in brown wandering through Serge's home at 4 a.m. of murder day?

So dappled was the career, so varied the interests, so complex the character of this unscrupulous and amoral wizard of finance and finance, that when police finally draped a blanket over his stone-cold remains and ordered them carried away it was with the admission that both motives and suspects were boundless.

Theories bubbled up out of the mouths of experts and amateurs. "It was a mob job, a syndicate killing . . . It was jealousy, a double cross . . . It was women, profit, revenge, romance."

One newspaper columnist thought he knew of 36 possible killers and another quipped on the third day of the investigation: "They've narrowed the list of suspects down to 10,000."

This was the chap who, probably, man and boy, had rubbed shins with more notables and caressed more beautiful women and dollars than any other living (until January 27, 1935) man.

He caressed his first wad of meaningful currency (or perhaps it caressed him) at the age of ten, when several thousand rubles were sewn into the lining of his underwear and he was rushed by his parents across the Russian border into Finland and then to Stockholm to escape the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. Around his neck he wore a sapphire the size of a walnut.

His father died bankrupt in the Balkans trying to recoup the fortune he'd left behind in his flight. But Serge had already learned to like the feel of ruffled-lined undies.

HE was his mother's favorite and as such was kept in sailor suits, flattery and affection until he was 13. But by the time he was advanced school age he was in proper British flannels and scooting through Cambridge picking up top honors while his brother, Andre, picked up the tab. In later years, Andre was to come to Serge for favors, but the closest he got was one \$25,000 loan and a series of double-crosses that cut him out of his fair share of earnings and later robbed his widow of any claim to holdings profits she believed rightfully hers.

This country was first introduced to the stocky, blood-eyed, bull-chinned Serge Rubinstein in 1938, but not under that name. Serge had been expelled from France because his speculations had endangered the franc; he was not wanted in Russia and was *persona non grata* in England. Even some of the small principalities were on record as being grateful that Rubinstein was not numbered among their inhabitants. Hence Serge, who already had singled out America as the country with 80 percent of everything he wanted (meaning money and beautiful women) set his

continued on next page



When Serge was still married the former Bache mansion had been wonderful showplace, scene of many luxurious dinners.



But Serge fell on evil days, was found guilty of draft dodging, carted away for two year term in federal pen.

Some court battles he won. Here he shakes hands with attorney after acquittal for mail fraud, other violations.



sights on the U.S.A. and came across the border from Canada with a passport as genuine as a nine-buck bill. He claimed he was Portuguese, born out of wedlock to a Portuguese nobleman and christened Serge Manuel Rubinstein de Rovello. His brother Andre was to sue on behalf of his mother for defamation of character for Serge's crass disregard of his actual birth (in St. Petersburg to Dmitri and Estella Rubenstein). But there is no indication that Andre received any more satisfaction from this suit than he did from his other efforts to extract decency, justice and fair play from his brother.

**R**UBINSTEIN'S speculations in regard to his birthplace and parentage were to boomerang in a deportation case that bounced in and out of court like a ping pong ball. But he bought, talked and maneuvered his way out of any definite action for 11 years.

One of the last news stories on Serge before his murder was about a new deportation order on which a federal judge was to hand down a ruling within a month. This was headlined: *Serge Ruling Due Soon . . . But Ouster Still Far Off*. The oyster was checkmated forever when, in the early morning hours of Thursday, January 27, this year, some person or persons unknown wrapped strong fingers around the neck

of Serge Rubinstein and squeezed the life from out of him.

But in 1933, Rubinstein (né de Rovello) had no knowledge that his scurrilous passport (purchased in Shanghai for \$2000) would lead to deportation trouble, draft trouble and would one day figure as a possible motive for his indelicate demise. He lived high off the hog for many years before any shadow of skulduggery dulled his star.

One evening in 1941, Serge was a dinner guest at the White House. The next day he played the male lead in a wedding ceremony in Alexandria, Va., when he took as his bride a lovely red-haired model from Flushing, Long Island, and capped the lavish ceremony with a reception in Washington, D.C.'s Shoreham Hotel, numbering among his 150 guests nine ambassadors and a substantial array of senators and congressmen.

These were the people who, laced through with a smattering of maharajahs and titled heads, became regular guests in the luxurious Fifth Avenue mansion Rubinstein purchased in New York.

Those early days at 814 Fifth Avenue, formerly the home of multi-millionaire Jules Bache and repository of Bache's tremendous art collection, were recalled recently with misty-eyed nostalgia by William Morter, Rubinstein's butler for 16 years. It was Morter who came upon Serge's lifeless



They ducked in to tell about pleasant memories and . . .



bitter memories, dinner parties, threats, wire taps . . .

body the morning of January 27. Stunned as he was at the way in which his master had gone, Morter admitted that Rubinstein in latter days had fallen in with a set of somewhat less formidable companions than he had entertained in the early '40s. The titled heads, the political dignitaries, the Broadway luminaries had given way to promoters, shady fixers and night owls of dubious lineage. This change in Rubinstein's social status followed hot on the heels of his (a) imprisonment for draft dodging and (b) divorce from his wife.

Perhaps some of Rubinstein's more toney acquaintances would not be expected to rub shoulders with Serge after he became a number in the federal prison in Lewisburg, Pa. But there were several gents of less savory reputation who didn't care to have their names linked with the draft evader, either. These were convicts who served their time alongside the stubby, unctuous king of chicanery in the penitentiary and came to learn that cabbage smells the same no matter how it's cooked.

Rubinstein's trouble with the army started early in 1940 when he requested draft deferment on the grounds that he had six dependents and that his income for 1940 had been \$11,242. For a man housed in luxury on New York's Gold Coast, this was an outlandish (Continued on page 83)



**Was his murder just  
a bungled kidnap  
attempt with Serge pinch-  
hitting for the notorious  
Frank Costello?**



and keys that opened doors one week, didn't fit the lock the next.



But his story was different; he said: bungled snatch.



Pretty, vicious, intelligent Lola Celli walked out of this house (circle) on the morning of February 23, 1946. She



was seen heading for a bus stop two blocks away. She did not get on the bus and she has never been seen by anyone since then.



Chief Livingston: Still gets leads, but rarely now.

# WHERE IS LOLA CELLI?

*For nine years police have  
checked out tips on this girl;  
from apron factories to  
silverware peddlers, to convents,  
even to Rome, Italy. But  
Lola has simply vanished*

by EDWARD DeBLASIO

COLUMBUS, O., JANUARY 18, 1955

■ This was the solemn high funeral mass for Michael Celli. There was grief and quiet reflection on the faces of the people who filled Our Lady of Victory Church in Columbus, O., on that cold Tuesday of January 18, 1955. But there was a restlessness and an unusual stirring among the mourners, too. Occasionally a head would turn, a glance would be directed at the closed doors of the church. Would Lola come back? Would Lola be there for the funeral of her father?

Lola Celli had been missing for nine years and though the death report for Michael Celli said that he was the victim of cerebral hemorrhage, there were those who believed the man had begun to die on that Saturday in March of 1946 when his daughter walked out of the house and never returned.

Seated in a pew near the old man's casket was his wife, Ida, her son, Dr. Felice J. Celli, and her daughter, Mrs. Robert A. Butler. Directly behind them sat a funeral director and friend of the family, who just before the service had told reporters: "Lola may come back today.

When death comes, even people who have broken with a family come back. I've seen that happen time and again."

He, like the members of the Celli family, did not turn to look at the door, but the hope that it might open was a fervent prayer on his lips.

Some persons had thought that Police Chief Robert R. Livingston might post a detective by the door during the services, just in case. But the chief had said no. "I'm convinced that if Lola shows up, the family will certainly get in touch with me," he said.

Lola Celli, 2½ years old in 1946, was a good-looking, brown-haired, brown-eyed girl. On the afternoon of February 22, she boarded a bus in West Mansfield, O., and rode to Grandview, a suburb of Columbus, where she planned to spend the weekend with her family. She got home at about 5 o'clock and was greeted by her mother and her sister Edda, then 15 (now Mrs. Butler), a student at Grandview High School. A little while later her father came home and then her brother, Felice.

"I remember," her mother says, "I remember how Lola tried to tease Felice that night. (Continued on page 72)





Sheriff Daffin (left) and Captain Cherry look on as suspect reads over his 40 page confession, adds his signature.

**CONFESSION:** When I killed his mother, the baby cried, then he started playing...

## MY CONSCIENCE IS DRIVING ME NUTS

by W. W. WARD



Former beauty queen Lou Ellen Jones: Thunder drowned her screams.

PANAMA CITY, FLA., JANUARY 28, 1955  
 ■ Staff Sergeant Joe Jones, 24, was in a hurry to get home. He had presents for Lou Ellen and Curt, their three-year-old son, little things he'd seen and liked for them that morning in the post exchange. And the fact that 1955 was already 18 days along its way and it wasn't any special occasion like Christmas or an anniversary or birthday would make the giving of presents all the more unexpected and all the more fun.

Lou Ellen would smile and kiss him, pretty and loving and blonde, and the boy would scream "Daddy!" and snatch at his gift, unable to wait to tear off the wrappings. Joe grinned in anticipation. It was a pretty good marriage, for all of its four years. And folks back home had said that between kids of 19 and 16 it couldn't last, that they were too young to wed, too young for the responsibilities of marriage.

Joe had almost been convinced at the time. But Lou Ellen had whispered, "If you're old enough to go off to war, you're old enough to marry me." And that had cinched it for him.

It had worked out swell. Didn't their little boy prove that? And the fact that Joe had made sergeant over a lot of older men?

Now he had a home and a pretty wife and a fine boy and sometimes he almost got sick when he thought of where he'd be if he'd listened to all that advice—A cot in the barracks with the rest of the lonely guys and only restless dreams of how soft a small, slim girl could be and how strong and tight around his neck were the arms of a three-year-old son.

There had been a thunderstorm in the

continued on next page



morning but now, in the early afternoon, the breeze had swung south and was warm from its long trip over the gulf and the concrete road sparkled in the sun, brighter even than the long patches of white sand beside it. The Tyndall Air Force Base was a few miles behind him and the cluster of houses ahead was the outskirts of Panama City, glistening in the sunshine along the north Florida shore. A few more blocks and then the quiet street they lived on, with Lou Ellen out in the yard, maybe, playing with their son while they waited for him to come home.

He swung in the driveway and waited

***I saw how pretty she was. I went towards her. She stepped back and screamed. I grabbed her. I didn't mean anything then. I held her close to keep her quiet. Real close. She was so pretty and slim. . .***

a moment, watching the front door to their first-floor duplex apartment. Then he felt again for the little boxes in his pocket and got out and crossed the lawn. A red rubber ball lay by the steps and he kicked at it gently and ran up and into the house.

"Hey honey," he called. "I'm home." He tossed his cap on the table, glancing down to see if there was any mail. Then he heard a small noise in the bedroom and raised his head to listen.

"Mommy," he heard Curt say. "Mommy, wake up."

He grinned. It wasn't often that he caught Lou Ellen taking her nap. He crossed the room, feeling in his side pocket for the presents again, and pushed at the partly-open door. The boy was sitting on the edge of the double bed and he looked up with troubled eyes as Joe came in.

"I can't wake her up, Daddy," he said.

Joe stopped, his heart pounding wildly, his knees suddenly weak and his brain numb with the disbelief and horror of utter shock.

"Lou Ellen," he said, and took a step forward to grab at the poster at the foot of the bed. "Lou Ellen . . ."

Lou Ellen was dead. The bedclothes beneath her were soaked in blood. The

blonde hair was disheveled on the pillow, the lips twisted strangely and the blue eyes open and glazed. She was nude and her slim body had contorted in some last convulsion of fright and pain and the fists of her small hands were tightly clenched. An electric light cord was tight around her throat.

"I been trying to wake her up, Daddy," the boy said, on the verge of tears. There was blood on his hands, too, where he had shaken his mother by the bare shoulder, and his eyes were wide and bewildered and suddenly brimming and then Sergeant Joe came back to life with a sob and he grabbed his son close

They left Joe with his friends and went in. They saw things from the doorway that Joe had missed when he'd come home. The rug was askew and a table in the kitchen had been shoved or knocked against the wall and a broken vase lay on the floor.

The body of Lou Ellen Jones lay slanted across the wide bed. Daffin glanced at it once, then turned to his men.

"Find out when it happened," he said, "if you can. See what the neighbors know, if they saw anybody come or go. And bring her husband into the living room. I'll want to talk to him."

The coroner had turned the slim body over. In the back were two stab wounds and the knot in the electric extension cord was nearly buried in the curly, blood-tipped blonde hair.

"They weren't deep enough to kill her," the coroner said, pointing at the wounds. "I think an autopsy will show she was choked to death."

Staff Sergeant Joe Jones sat in his customary living room chair. His face was white and his lips tight and thin but he had control of himself. He kept his eyes away from the bedroom door but he answered the sheriff's questions in a low, steady voice.

He worked at the Tyndall Air Force base, he said, and had finished his duty shortly after noon. He'd come right home. He and Lou Ellen both came from El Reno, Okla. She had won the high school beauty contest there. They'd been married four years and Curt was their only child.

"If you have any ideas that Lou Ellen was playing around," he said, "forget 'em, quick." They were very much in love. They hadn't had their first quarrel yet.

"Had she ever mentioned that anyone had . . . well, ever-made a play for her?" Daffin asked.

Joe shook his head. "Do you think it might be someone from the base?"

"How would I know?" Joe blurted. "If I did. . . ." The strain was hurting. His hands knotted and as if to keep them busy he reached in his pocket and took out the two small packages and laid them on the table by the chair.

Daffin got up slowly. "I suggest you go over to one of the houses nearby," he said, "and wait with friends. I'll come over when we finish here."

Joe nodded. He got up and left. In the yard he picked up his boy and walked slowly across the lawn.

While the ambulance came and the attendants carried the body of the pretty blonde girl away, the sheriff examined each room. The struggle ap-

and ran with him out of the bedroom.

Neighbors came over as soon as they heard Joe call from the yard. He tried to tell them what was wrong. But all he could say was: "Lou Ellen—"

One of the men ran into the house and came out again slowly in a moment and his face was white and set.

"Call the police," he muttered. "Lou Ellen . . . She's been murdered . . . She's dead!"

ONE woman screamed and another ran next door and telephoned the police. The woman who had screamed had her hands up to her head and she was saying: "I knew something was wrong when he came running out. I knew it. I should have come over then!"

Bay County Sheriff M. J. Daffin, with the coroner and two deputies, drove out. The neighbors were still huddled around Joe and the boy when they stopped in front, although Joe had put the boy down and the youngster was sitting on the lawn playing with his ball. No one else had gone back inside the house. One of Joe's neighbors came down to meet the sheriff.

"I went in and saw her," he told them. "She was stabbed. She's in on the bed. . . ."

parently had begun in the kitchen. Luke-warm and soapy dishwasher still stood in the sink where Lou Ellen had been doing the breakfast dishes when the intruder came. Her wedding ring, engagement ring and a highschool class ring lay on the window sill above the sink. There were scuffmarks on the floor and the table had been knocked against a wall and the throw-rug in the hall had been kicked to one side. The fight had been continued in the bedroom, where the girl had been stabbed and strangled. Daffin was positive the autopsy would show that she had been criminally assaulted before she died. The only motive he could think of would be a sexually-inspired attack.

**H**E looked first for the knife and found it under the bed. It was a regular sharp-bladed kitchen knife, but the wooden handle was missing and only a short piece of metal protruded above the blade. To use it, the killer would unquestionably have cut his own hands. The blade was still bloody.

Daffin began to look around for the dead girl's clothes. She had undoubtedly been dressed, at least in a robe, when the struggle had begun, and had ended nude on the bed. The clothes should have been strewn about the room, but they weren't. It wasn't conceivable that the killer would have hung them up. He found her robe on a peg behind the bathroom door and assumed then that she had been fully dressed.

The deputies, meanwhile, had completed their questioning of the neighbors in the yard. One woman had seen a car stop in front of the house in the morning. A dark-haired man had got out. He had gone up to the Jones' door and entered. He had stayed "most of the morning," the woman said, and then he had come out running and got in his car and drove away.

Several others had seen the car. It was, they said, "a blue-gray color, with a cut-short rear end," and a model about three or four years old. The dark-haired man had jumped into it and had driven away "at high speed."

He was young, the neighbors said, and tall and slim. He was dressed in civilian clothes, in a dark coat and white shirt and no tie. They guessed him to be about 20.

Daffin phoned in the description, with the vague one of the car, and requested that an alert be broadcast over the gulf coast area. "Pick up on suspicion," he said, "and examine. His hands, if he's the one we're after, will be cut."

One of his deputies was checking for prints around the front door. "Have you talked to the (Continued on page 86)



Suspect thought he was wanted for stealing a car, was anxious to be returned to prison. He didn't like idea of a trip to Panama City.

# KEEP HER OUT OF IT

by BERT MURRAY



Officers examine body that was dragged from dump road into the desert and partially covered with old cartons.

LAS VEGAS, NEV., FEBRUARY 6, 1955

■ There are lots of master sergeants in the army and air force who are downright hated by their men. There are lots who are liked. But there are very few who are actually loved. Master Sergeant Hollie Prestage was one of the very few.

Hollie was a fairly tall, stocky, brown-haired fellow, 34 years old, married, the father of two young children, and the father, in a way, to hundreds of air force trainees at the Nellis, Nev., base—kids who learned from him all about the proper operation of oxygen in jet planes, for one thing; about how swell and regular a guy with three hashmarks on his arm could be, for another.

"We know we're not supposed to do this, Hollie," one of the kids had said to him last Christmas Eve. "But me and the other fellows would like you to have this here present because it's our way of showing you we think you're the greatest."

Hollie had smiled his old, slow smile, said he appreciated the thought, but that he couldn't accept the gift.

When he told his wife, Rubye, about it later that night she put her arms around his waist and hugged. She didn't say anything. But to herself she thought: "The boys gave you their affection . . . and, Hollie, that's all that counts."

It was nearly one month later on Thursday night, January 20, when someone murdered Sergeant Hollie Prestage.

He'd left the base at 5 P.M., gotten home half an hour later. He played with the children, an 18-month-old boy and an infant girl, then had supper and lots of little laughs with his wife.

After supper he rested up a little, changed into civvies—blue slacks, white shirt and tan sport coat—and kissed Rubye goodnight. He was off to a part-time job as busboy at a swank Las Vegas hotel. The job was hard, especially after a day at the base. But as Hollie told a friend once: "Work never killed anybody, far as I know. And besides, if Rubye and I are going to have that little house someday . . ."

The first thing Rubye noticed Friday morning when she awoke, was that Hollie wasn't in bed beside her, that he hadn't been there all night. She phoned the base. No, she was told, Sergeant Prestage hadn't reported that morning. She phoned the night club in Las Vegas next. Hollie, who usually (Continued on page 89)

*When he agreed to take the rap for her, he sounded like a real gentleman. Then police tried to locate the girl he was protecting*



Claimed he met girl at movies, fell in love, was ready to face murder for her.

# THE MURDER THAT SHOOK TEXAS

by PAUL McCLUNG

SAN ANGELO, TEX., FEBRUARY 7, 1955

■ Nightmare came to Harry Weaver in the split second it takes for explosives to roar and tear metal and flesh. He was awake, standing in his bedroom the morning it came, the nightmare beginning with shock and loss and changing through days to fright and loneliness.

It was 8:50 A.M., Wednesday, January 19, 1955, when the bomb exploded in San Angelo, Tex. The bedroom windows caved in toward Harry Weaver and shattered on the carpeted floor. He ran to the windows, the rush of winter air ruffling his hair.

Weaver was 67, a nationally known architect. He and his wife, Helen, were living temporarily in the family mansion of his mother-in-law while the elderly lady lay seriously ill in the San Angelo hospital. They were prominent citizens, their names as familiar in the town as the county courthouse or this big house with its half-block wide lawn. The bedroom was upstairs in the two-story brick mansion, and, looking down, Harry Weaver could see his green Chevrolet in the driveway, black smoke boiling from a hole ripped through the hood.

His wife was behind the steering wheel, her head hanging back on the seat. Her screams filled the cold morning air.

"Help! Harry! Harry!"

He jumped toward the phone on a table near her bed. Only a few minutes before she'd been lying there, safe, warm in sleep. Now she was screaming, and he jerked away without touching the phone, bolting towards the stairs.

Outside, he ran across the lawn to her. The left side of the hood and the dashboard were blackened and twisted. She sat there, her lips moving without sound, her eyes frantic and wide with dying.

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*The explosion killed one of the town's most prominent women. The repercussions are still vibrating throughout the state*



Out of this tangled bomb wreckage a tortured cry: "Help me, Harry, Help."



Indicted for murder, handcuffed suspect dictated statement: "... have faith in me. I know I'm innocent ..."

He leaned close to her, the acrid odor of explosives burning his nostrils.

"I'm here. I'm going for help." He started to run towards the service station, down the long slope of winter-faded grass and across the street. But after a few steps he knew he couldn't leave her. He turned and hurried back to reassure her again. In those few seconds the brightness left her eyes and he knew she couldn't see or hear him anymore.

He was surrounded by the people who'd come suddenly from the streets and houses, like ants when their hill is disturbed. Somewhere sirens screamed. Harry Weaver stood in a daze, staring at his wife.

She died five minutes after the ambulance took her to Shannoo Hospital, without regaining consciousness. Harry Weaver was treated for shock.

That was the beginning of the nightmare. And it was only the beginning.

The entire town seemed to have heard the blast. Windows were broken for blocks around. Strangers tramped the long sweep of lawn staring and pointing towards the driveway where police poked at the shattered new Chevrolet. Inside, officers badgered Harry Weaver.

For him, the house was filled with memories of her kiss, her voice, her laughter. They'd been married almost 19 years. The officers' words were pricks of reality puncturing his fog of memory.

"Somebody planted a bomb under the hood," he said. "It exploded when she touched the starter."

**P**OLICE Sergeant Lee Brazil looked hard at Weaver. "There are four cars standing out there, Mr. Weaver. Only one bomb. . . . Why did your wife pick out that green Chevrolet to drive this morning? Who knew she'd be driving that one?"

Weaver ran his fingers through his hair. Nineteen years was a long time. Explaining their habits to these officers seemed an impossible task.

"She has a ranch. It's 23 miles outside town, been in her family for generations. Our home is there, on the ranch, although we've got an apartment here in town. But the ranch is her real love. She drives her car, that green Chevrolet, around the ranch. The two '52 Chevrolet parked in the driveway in front of the new green one is my car. The black Cadillac is the outside half of the double garage is her town car."

He spoke of his wife as if she still lived. The officers shifted uncomfortably. "What about the blue Buick in this side of the garage?"

Weaver blinked. "Oh, yes. That's her

## Weaver believed he was intended victim;



Andrew Nelson (right) described a trial bomb he helped rig. "All it took was for the motor to turn over and start making juice. Then it went off."



Harry Weaver: Added to strain, mysterious phone demand for \$3000.



Helen Weaver: Liked to drive her new green car around ranch grounds.

## that bomb claimed life of wrong person



District Attorney Stokes (far left) and Ranger Ralph Rohatsch (right) heard that suspect (hatless) allegedly had picked up speed ticket on murder morning.

mother's car. She's in the hospital and we are staying here to keep the house going. We visit her two or three times a day. That's where my wife was going. To the hospital and afterwards to the beauty parlor."

The policeman pushed his question again. "Why the Chevy instead of the Cadillac?"

Weaver looked out the window towards the driveway. "The Cadillac was in the garage. She and I came in from the hospital at 8:30 last night. I was ahead of her in my tan Chevy, she in the new green one. I drove in first and she parked behind me. She was in a hurry this morning, and the Chevrolet was the last car in the driveway, nearest the street. . . . Why would anyone do

such a thing? Yesterday afternoon we came back from a visit in Houston."

"Houston? That's 400 miles away. Which car did you drive there?"

Weaver was anxious to tell them about his life with Helen. He didn't hear the question.

"You see, she was married before, to a rancher when she was just a girl. When we met she was a widow with two little girls. I was a widower with a son. We married and raised the children together. Her girl is married now to a doctor in Houston. Their boy is our youngest grandson, and we hadn't seen him since we visited them last June when he was born. We went down Friday, and got back yesterday afternoon."

The police prodded: "Which car did

you drive when you went to Houston?"

"The green Chevrolet," Weaver said. "I didn't have time to finish unloading it when we got home yesterday, because we had to meet my mother-in-law's physician for dinner downtown, and afterwards we drove the two cars to the hospital. I took my car because sometimes Helen stayed late with her mother and would drive home after I did. This morning I went out to the car with her. I was going to drink some coffee, but I thought about some tools, hammer, saw, things like that, I had in the Chevy trunk. I'd taken them to Houston. We have a rent house there, and I worked on it a little, making repairs, while we were visiting. I went out with her to get the tools so they wouldn't bounce around and bother her. I took a camera and some junk out of the glove compartment. I'd broken her key ring while I was driving in Houston, so I pounded it together on a back bumper."

**H**E dug two broken parts of a key out of his pants pocket. "This is it. I put it in the ignition for her. Then I came back inside and heard the explosion. Somebody found these pieces in the wreckage and gave them to me."

"Who would want to kill her?"

Weaver frowned. "Nobody. We knew a lot of people, but they're good people, and they like Helen. Our house at the ranch is almost always open for company. She likes to laugh and talk and do things. She's always surrounded by friends. We give an annual Easter breakfast for hundreds of people who watch the Easter Sunrise Services. Her family helped found the Emanuel Episcopal Church here and she joins in all the church activities. The only one I can think of who ever said an unkind word to her is a former son-in-law of hers, Harry Washburn, her daughter's first husband. When they divorced in 1951 he sort of went berserk, came out to the ranch and threatened my wife with a gun and tried to extort \$20,000 from us. We filed charges, but dropped them later. He was under a strain at the time. Since then, the girl has remarried, lives in Montana. Harry, her first husband, has custody of the children, and I believe he's doing a good job raising them. They live in Houston."

The officers took the name of the Houston man, Harry Washburn, and rose to leave.

Police at the San Angelo airport checked outgoing passengers. Texas Rangers systematically traced the passengers who'd left on a plane at 9:40, some 50 minutes after the bombing. All passengers on that plane were located

continued on next page

**Were there other schemes to get rid of Weaver? An attempt to lure him to New Orleans? A shot-gun 'accident'?**



Lady wrestler reports early attempt on Weaver's life to Detective Thompson.

and checked out—all except one. He was a curly-haired man who looked like a Mexican. He'd taken the plane to El Paso on the return half of a round trip ticket to San Angelo. He had disappeared in El Paso.

The Houston angle was handled by Ralph Rohatsch, Texas Ranger stationed in San Angelo. Rohatsch remembered Harry Washburn. He remembered the April day in 1951 when Helen Weaver and her husband told him how Washburn had threatened her. Before the charges were dropped he'd talked to Washburn several times. Washburn was friendly, a likeable sort of man who never met a stranger. Rohatsch flew to Houston and headed for the sheriff's office, asking them to bring Washburn in to talk with him.

It was 7:30 P.M. when officers got to Washburn's house. Washburn had built the bachelor quarters for himself and his children. It was a two-story building, with garage, kitchen, and wood-paneled breakfast nook on the ground floor. Upstairs was a living room, bedrooms, and a porch that overlooked the street.

WASHBURN was finishing the supper dishes while his children watched and laughed at his clowning. Officers waited while Washburn took his children upstairs, out of earshot. When he came back, the police told Washburn what had happened.

"We want to ask you some questions."

Washburn fumbled with his dish towel. "It's kind of short notice to find a baby sitter. You'll have to wait while I call. I want to get my lawyer, too. He won custody of the kids for me four years ago. He knows I wouldn't do a thing like this."

Washburn phoned prominent Houston criminal lawyer Percy Foreman and asked him to meet him at the sheriff's office. Then he called a local doctor who was his close friend, and the doctor's wife agreed to keep the children until Washburn returned.

In the sheriff's office, Ranger Rohatsch shook hands with Washburn. Washburn told the ranger: "I recognise the reason I'm considered a suspect, but I honestly didn't have anything to do with it, Ralph. I haven't been near San Angelo for three or four years, and I haven't even been out of Houston for two years."

"Can you prove that?"

Washburn grinned. He was seldom asked for proof about anything he said. He had prominent friends, and a personality that was winning him more friends. He'd run unsuccessfully for county commissioner in 1948 and 1950, decided he wasn't cut out for politics, and opened an appliance store in Houston. He looked over the ranger's head while he remembered where he was when Helen Weaver died.

"Ralph, you said it happened this morning. Well, I got up early, as usual, and fixed breakfast for myself and the kids. Then I drove the boy to school."

Rohatsch nodded, and released Washburn. The lead had fizzled. Washburn couldn't have been killing Helen Weaver more than 400 miles away when he was home with his children.

Relatives gathered at the mansion in San Angelo, one daughter and her doctor husband from Houston. Washburn's ex-wife, from Billings, Mont., with her husband. Mrs. Weaver's stepson flew from Houston to attend the funeral.

The Tom Green County Grand Jury, meeting in San Angelo, dropped other business to hear testimony from members of the family, all in town for the funeral. Only one person outside the family testified, and no one was saying what she was asked.

She was a beautiful brunette, sleek and well-dressed, owner and operator of a downtown San Angelo bar.

On Friday, January 21, less than an hour after the funeral, Harry Weaver answered his phone. It was long distance from Ardmore, Okla.

"If you want a picture of your wife's killer," the man's voice mumbled, "you'll put \$3000 in an envelope and send it to me."

"Who are you?"

"Send it to 'Kelly Rose,' General De-



livery, Ardmore, Okla. I'd advise you to cooperate."

The caller hung up, and Weaver dialed the number of Sheriff Cecil Turner. Then he and his son headed on foot towards the county courthouse two blocks away from the mansion. They passed Sheriff Turner enroute.

At the courthouse, Weaver tried frantically to convince members of the police department, sheriff's office, State Police, Rangers and district attorney's office, that his own life had been threatened.

They acted as if they didn't believe him. They assured him that every precaution had been taken, the cars and house searched for more bombs, a police guard stationed at the mansion.

Weaver called one of his attorneys, and together they convinced police that a trap should be set in the Ardmore postoffice to capture "Kelly Rose" when he called for the letter. Post Office

Inspector E. E. English agreed, and the trap was set in Ardmore.

San Angelo police were working on an angle of their own. They'd failed to locate the missing plane passenger from El Paso. They'd worked on the theory that the bomb was intended for Weaver, killing his wife by mistake, but could find no one who wanted to harm him. Weaver was a nationally known architect, a consultant for the navy. Authorities checked to see if a Communist plot to murder the navy advisor could have been the motive. But the navy assured them that Weaver's work was strictly as an architect, advising them how to use more space in their buildings, and the Communists would have no reason to plot his murder.

They began a detailed check of every facet of Weaver's life. He was a member of the Texas Historical Society, and vice-president of the Paleontology Society.

Bomb experts hadn't found enough of the bomb to be sure what kind of explosive was used, but they did find bits of wire. Three men—a police chemist, a fingerprint expert and a demolition expert—drove out to the Weaver ranch and carefully searched the grounds and sheds around the modern rambling ranch house, hoping to find hidden wires to match the wires on the bomb, or concealed explosives. They found nothing.

On Saturday, three days after the murder, Helen Harris Weaver's will was filed for probate, and the officers examined it carefully.

Although her will left most of her estate to her daughters, the big ranch with its spacious luxurious house was left to Harry Weaver, on condition he make it his permanent and only residence.

District Attorney Aubrey Stokes made trips along the highway to Houston, trying to trace the route Harry and Helen Weaver had driven the day before the explosion. If there was any evidence that the bomb was hidden in the motor before the murder, and hooked up the night before she died, he hoped to find it.

THE death car was parked only 140 feet into the driveway. The street half a block away was a well-lighted thoroughfare, heavy with traffic. Yet, nobody had seen anyone enter the driveway, or walk across the empty stretch of lawn on the night before the murder.

District Attorney Stokes told reporters: "I know the killer of Helen Harris Weaver and he knows we know him. I told him in Trent of his lawyer that he is the number one suspect. He is walking the streets of San Angelo. We have picked up some stuff, certain types of evidence. I'll show it the first time in court. This murder was well planned. The murderer is intelligent and has covered his tracks well." He added the warning: "There will probably be some development Friday," and indicated he planned to take his evidence before the grand jury.

Asked about the threatening phone call to Weaver, officers said: "Postal authorities cooperated, but nothing happened. It's probably not even a crook trying a swindle. It's just some crank."

On Sunday morning, four days after the explosion, a strange car slipped to the curb in front of the big mansion. The driver got out and walked away. A few minutes later, at about 9 A.M., Weaver's son hurried out of the mansion and raced down the lawn and across the street, towards the Lamh Service Station. He put in a call to Stokes.

"There's a (Continued on page 64)



Suspect warns: "There's going to be a hell of a lot of straightening out."



Sue thought Jack looked like fancy clothes and diamond rings. Her friends back home in Bernie thought he looked like a gangster.

# THAT SWEET BIG-CITY SUE

*First she was wide eyed with excitement. Then she was bug eyed with fear. And the town she loved for size wasn't big enough to hide in*

by CALVIN C. DEWEY

BERNIE, MO., JANUARY 22, 1955

■ The three men gathered at the small Bernie, Mo., railroad station, watched with interest as the train pulled in. The train doesn't stop at Bernie unless somebody's getting on or off. And there was nobody getting on.

A hot summer sun beat down on the town of 1100, down in the southeast corner of the state. The bell on the train from St. Louis clanged and a few stray dogs barked in return. The wheels screeched, and the train groaned and puffed to a halt like a dying hulk.

A porter hopped out of the train and set down several pieces of expensive-looking luggage on the station platform.

A young woman appeared in the doorway, looking out

at what part of the quiet dusty town she could see, then descended the steps. She hazed the porter a hill. He nodded and hopped back up the steps. The train began to pull out.

The three men, not saying anything, stared at the girl, wondering who she was standing there alone and what she was doing down here in Bernie.

Everything about her spelled Big City, expensive sophistication. She was beautiful, blonde, somewhere in her early twenties. The tailored brown linen suit she wore was cut low and snug. Her hat couldn't have been bought any closer than St. Louis. Her shoes, long and with two-inch heels, looked like the kind you see models wear in magazine picture advertisements. The men shifted around

a little when the girl started walking, her hips moving with just the right kind of sway. When she reached them, she smiled, her blue eyes twinkling, and she honey-syruped: "Hello there."

One of the men swallowed his tobacco.

"Hullo," another managed to say. He sniffed her perfume. It hung heavy in the summer air.

"Don't you remember me, Frank?" the girl said, half-laughing. "I'm Sue Marie Myers."

The men looked at each other. Then one of them said: "I never would have known if you hadn't said it." He shook his head. "The last time I saw you, you were a skinny hollow-faced kid in a gingham dress. And your hair . . . it was brown!"

Sue giggled and gave the man's sleeve a playful tug. The other two, meanwhile, had rushed to get her luggage and a cab.

It's about eight miles out Route One to the Myers' farm. Sue looked out at the fields of cotton and corn, at the farm hands working in the dust and sun.

The cab swung into the familiar driveway, and the couple on the porch ran down to meet it. There was the usual joyous reunion of parents with a daughter coming from the big city for a visit.

"You look so pretty, child," Sue's mother said. The woman led Sue upstairs to her old room. "Just like it was the day you left," she said.

Sue walked over to a window. A warm breeze blew

*continued on next page*



This was living; jewels and haubles and night life. This was something that she couldn't even talk about in Bernie.



Dreams of the big city were reflected in Sue's eyes even when she was still a tanned-haired girl at high school.



Assistant Prosecutor Goldfarb ordered Fern to keep away from Sue; ordered her to stop running up hills on Fern.

through her hair. She looked down at a clucking of chickens in the driveway. "Nothing changed," she said.

Her father brought in the luggage. "You must be doing real good at your job, Sue," he said. "This luggage, those clothes, the trip. . ."

Sue kissed him and said she was getting along fine, just fine. She had a wonderful job as a receptionist in the main offices of a big drug company in Detroit, she said, and her salary had been raised to \$80 a week.

Her mother asked about her boyfriends. "You got any nice ones?"

"Now, Mom, there's nobody serious," she said. "I go out with a few nice boys from the office, and we have fun. But nothing serious."

Her mother nodded. Then she said, "Maybe by now you've had enough of Detroit, Sue? Maybe Stoddard County isn't such a bad place to settle down after all."

Sue managed to change the subject. She picked up a high school yearbook and flipped it open. "Oh, here's Ken Faulkner," she said, looking down at a photograph of a youngish, nice-looking boy who'd graduated with her two years ago.

"He still calls and asks about you," her mother said. "Why don't you ever write to him, Sue?"

The girl shrugged. "How's he getting along?" she asked.

"Right well," she was told. "His family took over an-

## ***Every call the same: "Better start being sweet to Jack again."***

other 50 acres. They got hit hard in the drought, just like all of us. But they'll do all right. Ken's a good hoy to have around."

There were lots of callers popping into the Myers' farmhouse during the next few days. Four of Sue's old girlfriends came over one night. They gossiped about news of the younger set in Stoddard County, mentioned the names of the boys she used to go out with. Sue told them about her job, about how exciting it was for a girl to live in Detroit, about all the different nightspots she had been to.

Then she showed the girls her clothes, all of them new, all of them beautiful.

"Sue," one of the girls said as she fondled the hem of a wide-skirted beige cocktail dress. "This must have cost you \$100 at least."

Sue blushed a little. "I got it at a bargain sale," she said. "Pretty, though, isn't it?"

When they got around to talking about some of the fellows Sue went with, she showed them a snapshot. "Don't say anything to my folks about him," she said. "Jack's just a good friend, and I don't want them to think I'm going with anyone in particular."

Jack, the girls could see right off, was handsome, in a rugged sort of way, with a long fine nose, and a high, deep-wrinkled forehead.

"He's nice . . . but he looks pretty old to me," one of the girls said.

"Oh, he's been around," Sue said. "He's a real wheel in Detroit. He owns a couple of night clubs. Boy, can he show a girl a good time."

"He looks like those gangsters you see in the movies," one of the girls joked.

Sue forced a laugh. Then again, as she'd been doing practically ever since she came home, she changed the subject.

*(Continued on page 76)*



There was something different about the sunshine you got off a rich man's yacht and that you got from a Missouri wheatfield.

# AND NOW HE'S SANE

*For the murder of his childhood sweetheart, five years in an asylum and now*

*a life term in prison*

Five years ago he heard the verdict "now insane" and was carried kicking and screaming back to his cell.



DALLAS, TEX., JANUARY 18, 1955

■ A one-woman man is rare as a cool breeze on the desert. God or devil, he's hard to find and harder to understand. But if you get one, gal, you sure better hang on, because he might turn out to be another Keith Petersen.

Keith came out of that generation of kids in the early 1940s, kids who clung to first love as if they were scared it was their last. War scalded their lives. High school graduates nudged their girls—"Let's live tonight. . . Tomorrow we die"—and they all laughed because they were desperate for something to laugh about. A strange breed, squeezing what dreams they could from an awful reality. It made dreams over-important. But without these dreams they could never have fought and died and finished the war.

Keith was 14 in 1942. Carolyn Schofield was 13. The Dallas, Tex., YWCA dance was crowded with older kids, seniors and soldiers, trying to forget for a while that their country was taking a licking on the battlefields, that the dance decorations were scarce because of shortages.

Carolyn had a friend who knew everybody. She knew that Keith was the son of the assistant treasurer of the Dallas Power and Light Company. She brought Keith over and introduced him to Carolyn.

They were self-conscious. She looked up at his handsome young face, the olive skin and black hair, the perfect arch of his brows, not knowing that he was thinking she was beautiful. When they danced she was afraid she'd miss a step or try to lead because she'd learned to dance with other girls, and, being tall, she was always substituting for the boy. To cover her shyness, she tried to be sophisticated, giving him the same she called herself in her play-dreaming.

"Call me Connie," she said. "Everybody calls me Connie."

He saw her dark waving hair and huge soft eyes. After that he always called her Connie, though other friends stuck to the name Carolyn.

Seven years later, Keith Petersen



This year in next unit, new convict he accepts life sentence calmly.

bought a gun. He stood at the counter in the sporting goods store and turned the gleaming new snubnosed .38 over in his hands. He heard the clerk rattling his spiel, and thought how stupid the little man was. Gave the same sales talk to every customer as if they were pigs to be killed in to the trough. He felt the corners of his mouth turn down—he did it often these days—and he

raised his chin to show he was different, a superior being.

"Never mind the talk," he said. "I'm not a fool. You can wrap the gun and give me a box of fifty cartridges."

He took out his wallet and counted 56 of the \$200 he always carried. The clerk's eyes widened.

Keith scowled. "Probably wonders what a young man like I am is do-

continued on page 51

*Could he be proved insane at time of murder? Might he get the chair? Both sides settled for guilty plea, life term*

**1949**



At 21, scowling, bitter over verdict, convinced Connie is still with him, will be with him in everything.



Judge's first statement brought a smile to Keith's face. Smile vanished before the judge was finished.



Labeled conceited, unstable, boy who had ambition to become brain surgeon is taken to mental hospital.

**1955**



At 27, smiling, assured, anxious to pay his debt to society and to start the study of animal husbandry.



Judge's statement this year brought disagreement from some, but not from Keith. "It's all right," he said.



Somewhat indifferent to court proceedings this time, Keith smoked, chatted, accepted well wishes of friends.

ing with so much cash," he thought. "Doesn't know who I am. Thinks I'm a criminal or something."

He looked at himself in the mirror, peering between fishing flies that hung down in front of it. The new suit was dark blue and perfect for him—\$200, and it showed every penny that had been paid for it. He liked his pastel shirt with the gray and red tie. He took the package and walked out into the sunlight.

It was Friday, September 2, 1949. Keith was 21 now. Connie filled his mind. He remembered other times when they'd walked there together, when Dallas was the whole world because they had each other. He remembered so strongly that he could almost feel her beside him now, and this remembered closeness made him want her so desperately that his step quickened. He bumped people and cursed them for being in his way.

He was a journalism student at Southern Methodist University. He thought his teachers staid and stupid, but he was willing to put up with them and memorize useless junk so he could earn a degree and get a job and marry Connie. That's how he felt about everybody. Stupid, smug, narrow-minded, interested in nothing but self. All except Connie. The one good thing. She understood him, she cared about him, she was part of him. For Connie he would do anything.

Seven years he'd loved her and wanted no one else. Life was Connie. The familiarity of her fingers in his, so no other fingers fit; her smile as predictable as sundown, so that he could make her smile by repeating a long-remembered phrase or mocking an expression; what made her laugh and what made her cry; what made her thoughtful and what made her romantic—these were so familiar to Keith Petersen that they were part of him and part of everything he did. Even when he was in the navy, he'd seen everything as if he were two people, himself and Connie. He'd described it in long daily letters to her.

He'd been in the Navy Medical Corps. Once they'd put him under psychiatric treatment for alcoholism. But with Connie behind him, Keith had learned he would never be able to touch alcohol and he was cured.

Connie had graduated from Crozier Technical High School and worked now as a secretary to a petroleum engineer in the Southland Life Building.

Keith walked there now, glancing at his watch. Three o'clock. She'd be there until five.

He always thought he knew Connie well enough to predict everything she'd

do. But for ten days she hadn't acted like herself at all. She hung up when he phoned her, refused his dates with a strange icy voice. Ten days he'd lived without Connie, and he hadn't been without her for seven years. It was worse than losing his arms or his legs or his life. They'd planned all year to be married this very month.

He stepped into the air-conditioned building and headed straight for the elevator. There, near the door, he used to wait for her. He'd stood there enough to feel like that spot belonged to him. He knew the ragged pattern in the wall where there was a slight crack. He could have drawn it blindfolded. The lobby was as familiar as his living room. But that didn't bring Connie back to him. In the elevator he muttered "Four" to the operator. Even the noise of the closing elevator doors was part of him and Connie.

**L**ORD, how he'd tried to live without her. Ten days ago he'd gone home and torn up all the precious letters, saving only two of her poems—his favorites, poems about their love that he couldn't destroy, even in rage. He'd put them away in the strangely empty box while he filled a wastebasket with the scraps of the others, her handwriting in

the familiar blue ink, more a part of him than his own writing.

He'd decided to change, be a different person from the Keith Petersen who loved Connie. He'd grabbed everything in his room that was ever precious to him, his notes on philosophy, a complete book on anatomy he'd painstakingly translated into layman's language with the aid of a medical dictionary. He'd burned it all.

But Connie was still there, her eyes watching through his.

That was when he knew he couldn't live without her. He tried an overdose of sedatives, but he was found in time and a doctor was called. After that he knew home was no place to try. He went out to a lake. But two men grabbed him before he could drown himself.

He phoned endlessly. He paced the floor trying to think of a way to get her back. He slept only in cat naps with his clothes on and ate so little he lost 40 pounds and had to buy this new suit so he'd have clothes to fit his thinning frame. Six feet tall, his normal weight was 212. Now he was down to 170.

The elevator jerked to a stop, the doors opened, and Keith stepped into the hall, heading for Connie's office.

Her boss was out of town, and Connie sat at her (Continued on page 66)



Keith is weighed in for life term. Sentence, with time already served and with good behavior, could mean freedom for Petersen in seven years.





# LONG

*He rode into court in the*

by HARRISON T. CARTER

There are a lot of secrets buried in the flophouses along Chicago's Skid Row. William Wood's was one of them

■ Casting fearful glances behind him, a little maggot of a man staggered along Chicago's leprous Skid Row.

"The Meat Wagon," he yammered. "The Meat Wagon is rolling."

Down the street, lined with squalid flophouses and low-down gin mills, came a police van, known to the men of the area as the Meat Wagon and manned by a brace of police officers as big and brawny as blacksmiths.

Their principal job on the "Mile of Misery" is to collect "downers," a term for drunks who fall through swinging

doors and collapse in helpless heaps. But they also pick up sober vagrants on the theory that if left to their own devices, they'd become downers by and by.

The little man began to run. But the meaty Meat Wagon crew had two detectives scouting ahead of it and the detectives collared him just as he sought to slip into one of the saloons.

The man tried to squirm from their grasp and flopped to the pavement, twisting, kicking and cursing.

Out of a hash house, a toothpick cocked in a corner of

# VOYAGE HOME

*meat wagon, but his eloquence won him a rightful place beside the judge on the bench*



"I'm not interested in rising to fame. I must remain sober and make myself worthwhile to keep faith with you, Judge."

his mouth, stepped a short, elderly man, wearing a hearing aid.

"Easy, lad," he advised the struggling stranger in father-knows-best tones, "or you're liable to get whacked over the head with a nightstick."

The two detectives and the two policemen took the prisoner by the hands and feet, swung him back and forth and tossed him like a sack of grain into the wagon, already filled with ten hoboes.

"Now," growled an officer to the other man, "you climb in!"

"Me?" asked the bystander, dropping his toothpick in surprise. "I'm sober. Smell my breath."

Without another word, the policeman seized him and pushed him into the already-crowded van.

"This is an infringement of my constitutional rights," the man cried out. "You're making an illegal arrest."

The driver howled gleefully. "Look what we fished up!" he croaked. "A regular judge."

And all the other bums in the van started echoing his mocking laughter.

continued on next page





His first day beside his benefactor, Judge Hyman Feldman, Wood prepares to hear the cases of men he knows best.

Wood's suggestion to Feldman will help this aged man who lived in packing case on Skid Row, will now enter infirmary.



## I get the idea he's

The driver's jeering remark turned out to be prophetic. For within 48 hours, the object of the ridicule would be sitting in grave dignity on a judge's bench. And the policemen who were booing at him now and the bums who regarded him as a buddy in misfortune would blink at the sight.

Its springs sunk low under its cargo of miserable humanity, the patrol changed its way to the Monroe Street Police Station. The prisoners were unloaded and berded into a lockup.

The elderly man who had brought up the matter of his constitutional rights was registered on the blotter as William G. Wood. His address was that of a 65-cent-a-night flophouse. He was searched carefully. He had \$2 in cash, a fact which was duly inventoried.



From the Land of The Living Dead Wood's former neighbors came to see him in his new role as judge's consultant.

## important once, a movie producer, a bishop or congressman

He again uttered objections to his seizure, but the busy lockup keepers brushed him off.

He was shoved into a cell to await arraignment 14 hours later. Twelve men in all were in the barred cubicle meant to accommodate one-third that number.

The first four arrivals staked claims to the benches. The others, including Wood, were expected to sleep on the cold cement floor.

To make matters worse, five of the prisoners were fighting drunk. They wanted to beat up policemen. Since they couldn't get at any of the officers, they vented their cockeyed rage upon their fellow captives, kicking and gouging and punching indiscriminately.

Wood saw the danger signs before the fists began to fly. He wedged him-

self into a corner, as far from the belligerents as possible, and managed to escape their blows. But there were shiners and bloody noses in his little circle before the wildmen's energies were dissipated and they blanked out.

At 9 A.M., 250 men, most of them ragged and unkempt, were marched upstairs from the lockup for arraignment before Judge Hyman Feldman of the Municipal Court. Availing their turn, they slouched forlornly in a line that reached halfway around the room. They weren't permitted to sit on the empty benches because many of them were so strength-sapped by debauchery that they would fall into a stupor-like slumber if they got off their feet for even an instant.

Among the defendants were only a

few who seemed alert. One of these was the elderly man listed on the docket as William G. Wood.

Standing in front of the bench was Policeman James Hennessy, an erect, white-haired veteran of 24 years on Skid Row. Aliases never fooled him, for he had an amazing memory for names and faces. In front of him was a card-index file on past arrests in the big city's jungles.

A bewhiskered man, his face pinched by privation and wrinkled by age, was the first to shamble up before Judge Feldman.

"Drunk and disorderly—as usual," testified Hennessy. "His twenty-fourth arrest in 11 months."

Judge Feldman sighed. "Jake, what am I going to (Continued on page 80)

*They flocked to her place like cats at a fish fry,  
each one of them singing the same tune, Sweet Adeline,  
and wishing he could render it solo*

# BACHELOR'S PARTY

by EDDIE KRELL

OCCOTO COUNTY, WIS., JANUARY 25, 1955

■ The beer at the Riviera Tavern was the same as they served at any other pub in Occoto County, Wis., and you didn't get a bigger jigger in a whisky high. But they flocked to the place like cats at a fish fry. The bachelors, that is.

The reason, of course, was Adeline Rohrbacher.

After two city marriages and after spending most of her life in Chicago, Adeline had decided to settle down in peaceful Occoto County, on the shores of Green Bay. And it seemed that a large number of bachelors wanted to settle down with her.

She bought the tavern three years ago, added ten tourist cabins and a gas station, and the money really rolled in.

She was 39, a redhead, stacked solid as her bankroll.

And she had a comfortable apartment in back of the tavern, with a kitchen, living room, bedroom for her 11-year-old daughter, Karen, and a bedroom of her own.

It was no mystery then why most of the single farmers in the county and workers from as far north as Marinette and as far south as Green Bay made it a point to do their drinking at the Riviera Tavern.

"When she gets married, it'll kill half of the business," someone joked one night.

The joker's companion drained half his beer glass and sighed heavily. "Sweet Adeline brings 'em in here, all right," he agreed. "But don't worry about her finances. She's got a real money maker here. She's going to tear down those shacks and put up a modern tourist court. I heard she's going to start building in the spring."

Adeline came out of the back into the tavern and a number of men got up to greet her. She wore a tight-fitting green dress and a loose, happy smile. The place was jammed.

Behind the bar, shirt, chunky Edward Kuskki was opening beer bottles and pouring whisky with both hands. Kuskki was bartender, waiter, janitor, gas pumper, watchman and general handyman. He was also Adeline's bouncer, and he ran from behind the bar a few minutes after she'd walked in, when one of the customers, dead drunk, tried to paw the boss.

Kuskki grabbed him around the neck, and in a few seconds the man was tumbling out the door.

Adeline's smile vanished pronto and she got Kuskki aside. "You're too quick-tempered, Ed," she said, obviously annoyed. "I've been telling you about that. He didn't mean anything. You've got enough to do without running the customers out."



She'd been warned about staying alone with him. He was dangerous.

"He was a fresh ham," Kuskki said to her. "I thought you'd want him thrown out."

"When I want anybody tossed out, I'll let you know," Adeline snapped. "Now get back behind the bar."

A little while later another customer began kidding Kuskki. "You sure go out of the way to please the boss," the man said, between hiccups. "Boy, you sure know you've got a good hunk."

Kuskki glared at him. "What do you mean?" he growled.

"That room you've got upstairs is a lot better than the hunk you had before you moved in here two years ago," the man went on. "And all the good food, plenty to drink, and being alone with her when the place closes at night."

KUSKKI'S fist came up from behind the bar, but the customer was waiting for him. He grabbed Kuskki around the neck and slammed his head down against the bar. A couple of glasses shattered, beer flowed over the bar like it was on the house. When Kuskki's head came up, his nose was bloody.

Adeline was sore. She didn't like the way he'd been acting lately, she informed Kuskki publicly.

Kuskki shouted something about the customer insulting her.

The customer, Joe Boswood, 45, a tall, heavy-set farmhand, shushed something to Adeline about getting a sober bartender.

This infuriated Kuskki even more and, finally, Adeline told him to get out of the tavern, that he was through, fired.

He skulked up the stairs to his room, threw his few belongings into a cheap suitcase. He came back down 20 minutes later, walking slowly through the tavern, looking from side to side for any smart cracks or sly smiles.

Most of the men, however, didn't want to fool with Ed Kuskki, who had a reputation for having more brawn than he knew how to handle. And they had seen him at hog-killing time. Just about everybody in the vicinity with hogs to slaughter called on Kuskki to do the job with a rifle.

"I'm sure glad you got rid of him," Boswood told Adeline later. "I didn't like the idea of him being here with you when the place closed. He's dangerous."

Adeline laughed. "Ed's easy enough to handle," she said. "He'll come back in a couple of days and I'll put him back to work. I just wanted to teach him a lesson."

"You mean you're not worried about having him around at nights?" Boswood asked.

continued on next page

Adeloe shook her head. "He's been here for two years, and we get along," she said. "Sometimes he works too hard at protecting me from other men." She winked. "Meo like you, for instance."

Bosswood shoved his palm around his bottle of beer. "Did you ever see that Kuski of yours out killing hogs? He's a terror with a rifle. He gets a crazy gleam in his eye when he kills."

"That's only with hogs," Adeline said.

His face got bright red. He shouted something and Adeloe's young daughter, Karen, came running out of her bedroom.

"Go back to sleep, dear," Adeline said. "Mr. Bosswood is just leaving."

"So, it's all right for that clod, Kuskie," he snapped.

"Get out!" Adeline hollered.

Bosswood finally got...

Two days later Kuski came back, apologized, promised to behave him-

self the figures he'd be a good man. After all, she'd go a long way before she could find a worker like him, and she seems to be able to handle him. Probably be a lot better off latching on to Kuski than some slick character who'd try and beat her out of her money."

But there were other meo around who had their own ideas about who Adeline was going to marry. They kept flocking to the Riviera Tavern. Adeline went out with some of them. Sometimes she'd leave before closing time, tell Kuski to take care of the place and ride off with one of her guys.

"Yeah, I'll take care of everything," Ed would say, and his round face would redden and the knuckles on his fingers would whiten as he made a fist. And he'd be sullen the rest of the night—and the customers, they'd have plenty to talk about the rest of the night.

When Adeline came in with a date once after a night out, the tavern was closed. But Ed Kuski was up waiting for her. She told him to get back upstairs, quick, then she and her date went into her apartment.

On Saturday night, January 22, 1935, the tavern was packed to the walls. Adeline was busy helping tend bar and wait tables. When she passed the table where Joe Bosswood was seated, he caught her arm and pulled her down to a chair. She made a face and told him he'd had too much to drink.

"That shouldn't worry you," Bosswood said. "The more I drink, the more you make. That's why you keep stringing me along."

Adeline slapped him hard.

**EVERYBODY** stopped drinking and talking and turned to look. Kuski came out from behind the bar. Adeline stopped him from jumping on Bosswood.

Bosswood glared at the woman, then at the hulking bartender. "A fine pair," he muttered. "A right fine pair."

He got up and walked out.

At least six men warned Adeline to be careful of Joe Bosswood that night. "He's mean when he's sober, and when he's drunk he's a lot worse," one of them said. "He's been doing a lot of talking, running you down for brushing him off."

Another man said: "He was talking around last summer about how he was going to marry you and move in here and move Kuski out. Lately he's been getting the horse laugh. He don't like it."

Later that night, a stranger came into the tavern and asked for some gasoline.

"We keep the station closed Saturday nights," Kuski told him. "Too busy to run out there and pump gas. There's



They followed a bloody trail into the living room and found Karen.

"He's gentle as a lamb with me." Then she said: "You wouldn't be running him down because you want his job, would you, Joe? I remember you asked about it before. Well, the job's Ed's when he comes back; and he'll be back in a few days. It's happened before like this."

"Supposing I help out until he does come back?" Bosswood said, as he got up and reached across the bar for Kuski's apron and went to work.

When the tavern closed down for the night, Bosswood went back into Adeline's apartment and started to make his play.

Adeloe, however, wasn't in the mood and she laughed him off.

self, and was put back to work again.

It made a good story.

"Old Ed isn't going to give up trying for that setup, no sir," one man said.

"He's 43 and never had a wife—or more than one change of clothes. Adeline Rohrbacher is the best deal he ever came close to. If he could marry her, he'd be all set. A good-looking wife, good business, valuable property. He's been talking about it. Nobody can say he's been keeping it a secret."

"But you don't really think a woman like her would marry that ox?" another man asked.

"You oever know," the man said. "She keeps him around. And maybe

another place not far down the road."

The man ordered a bottle of beer, and looked the place over as he took his time drinking it. He talked to a few customers, found out who owned the tavern, then went over and talked to Adeline. He told her he'd like to rent a cabin.

"They're closed for the winter; no heat," she said.

**T**HE man said he didn't mind about the heat. "Last two places I stopped at were filled up. I've been having car trouble, and I'm afraid to do any more driving tonight. I'd sure appreciate it if you'd rent me a place to sleep."

Adeline gave him a key.

Kuski didn't like it, he told her a few minutes later. He said he didn't like the stranger's looks; the way he looked the place over. "And I don't like the way he looked at you."

"The way men look at me is no concern of yours," Adeline said. "Let's not go over all that again."

The customers thinned out as the night wore on, and closing time rolled around. The stranger who rented the cabin was told that it was time to shut down.

"Can I drop you off any place?" he asked.

Adeline said she lived in an apartment in the rear. "Say," she added, "I thought you were worrying about your car breaking down."

The man smiled and showed a row of yellow teeth. "I'd risk it to give you a ride," he said.

Adeline nodded. "Goodnight, mister," she said.

The man watched her walk away from him.

It was shortly after noon the next day when he returned to the tavern from his cabin. Kuski was sweeping up.

"Where's the boss?" the man asked.

"You can pay me," Kuski said, setting the broom against a table. "Want any gas?"

"I'm not leaving yet," the man said. "I have to get my car fixed first. I can't take it on the road like it is. I couldn't even get it started. I called a mechanic from the cafe down the road. He's coming out this afternoon."

Kuski went back into the apartment and told Adeline about it, said he didn't like it, that there was something about the stranger he just didn't like.

"There's something about every man who comes around here that you don't like," Adeline said.

Kuski walked back into the tavern, mumbling.

Business was slow, as it always was

**He's an easy man to handle. He'll**

**come back in a few days and I'll put him**

**back to work. He's done it before. He'll**

**do it again. I'm teaching him a lesson**



In jail and slightly remorseful: "I'm sorry I didn't kill myself."

on Sundays. The man who rented the cabin was in and out of the place a number of times. When Kuski noticed him still around at 6 p.m., he asked when he was leaving.

"The mechanic has to get a part for my car," the man said. "Couldn't get it on Sunday. I've got to wait over here until tomorrow. So I'll be using the cabin again."

Kuski didn't hide his displeasure. "But you can't hang around here all night. We close early on Sunday, about nine."

It was shortly before 10 that night when two county traffic officers, Gene Berken and Ray Hogan, were parked

about a mile south of the Riviera Tavern making radar speed checks. They stopped what they were doing when a car passed them, stopped a short distance down the road, then backed up. They walked to the car and the driver staggered out toward them in a state of near hysteria, waving his arms, wailing.

The man's face and clothes were smeared with blood.

"What happened?" Berken asked. The man's jaws moved slightly, and the flow of blood increased.

"He can't talk," Hogan said. "Come on, we'd better get him to a hospital!"

They helped (Continued on page 79)

# BIG BO'S OUT

*Killer Bohannon was on the loose. He had escaped before and come back humble and apologetic, but with a new scalp dangling from his belt. How would he come back now?*

by STANLEY HARRISON

MCALISTER, OKLA., JANUARY 26, 1955

■ "Bohannon's gone!"

The word spread like a panic, whispered, shouted, and the people who heard were afraid, like people along a river bank when they hear the river has swollen out of its bed, like tenement dwellers when the word "fire" blares through the district. It was as though there were an elastic band stretched between normalcy and disaster. People locked their doors while they waited for it to snap.

Julius Bohannon killed three times, and for each dead man he faced a lifetime behind prison bars at the Oklahoma State Penitentiary in McAlester. Many who knew him swore that prison was the only place in all the world for such a man, a man who kills when anyone gets in his way. They said turning him loose would be like turning a mad panther into the streets.

Twice he escaped. Twice he was brought back to his world of iron and concrete. He killed a prison brickyard foreman to get out the first time, May 13, 1936. When officers cornered him in his wife's home, he'd have killed again, but his wife knocked the gun from his hand and he was recaptured. Eleven years later, 1947, he was a trusty and just walked away from prison. He went to Mobile, Ala., where he and his wife bought a country tavern. He was taken there two months later.

Always, he came back like a mongrel caught in the chicken yard, humble and apologetic. If you didn't know him you'd swear he was the finest gentleman you ever saw. His thick lips murmured gentle words, he was clean and closely-shaven, his hands were steady and deliberate as he adjusted a camera or developed films in his photography lab at the prison. At the annual prison rodeo he looked like a wealthy cattleman as he stood in the arena snapping pictures; his brown beaver hat on the back of his head, his shirt immaculate, the crease in his western trousers broken only by the tailor-made western boots. He gained weight in prison, carrying 185 pounds on his five feet, nine inch, frame. Polite (Continued on page 69)



Bohannon (left) to Warden Waters: "If running is the only life outside, I don't want it. This is my home here."



A talking to which will be heard by 3,000,000 radio listeners: Sergeant Amans questions two young soldiers he's just nabbed for speeding in souped-up car. Talk is recorded on tape. Where does Amans hide microphone? It's a secret.



**I WAS  
ONLY  
DOIN' 40**



Drive-ins are great spots for cutting in on "doughnutenters," teenagers who get a bang out of making like the wild ones. Here Amans explains the facts of highway life to two D.C.'s.



The excuses come in droves. Amans often stops a speeder who begs off innocently to all charges, clams up when the sergeant asks to see license and finds that it's out-of-date.

■ Six-foot-three Sergeant George Amans of the Washington State Patrol has the world's biggest traffic beat—the entire state of Washington. And riding with him at all times is a tape recorder. He uses it to describe his chases, then to pick up conversations with the hundreds of reckless men, women and teenagers he hails down every week. The tapes are used as the basis for a radio program titled *Could This Be You?*, a much-awarded and much-listened-to series of on-the-spot interviews—a lively editorial on how to stay alive.



It's early evening, the beginning of a long night's tour, as Amans tunes up his tape recorder. By dawn and hundreds of miles later, dozens of conversations will have been set down.



Rufus Carlson is Amans' right-hand sniper, edits all tapes for broadcasting purposes, eliminates obscenities, is credited with being able to slice the "a" from "sat."



# The Murder That Shook Texas

continued from page 43

strange car parked in front of the house. It might be blown up."

Stokes said he would send some of his officers.

A few minutes later, a squad of officers searched the house and inspected all cars for bombs. They found nothing. They traced the owner of the parked car and discovered it belonged to someone who was visiting neighbors in the next block. That afternoon, young Weaver drove to the airport with a police escort, and caught a plane back to his home in Houston. It was apparent the family was under a tremendous strain.

Tuesday, the *Houston Press*, its curiosity fired by Stokes' hints at a solution, sent Jack Donahue to San Angelo. Donahue is one of the top crime reporters in the nation, but his regular job was city editor of the *Press*.

He walked across the broad lawn. It was morning, six days after, Helen Harris Weaver had been murdered. Harry Weaver invited the reporter upstairs to the bedroom.

HE told the story of his nightmare and the story of his memories. "I met her in San Antonio at a cocktail party. It was just after the Depression. I was an architect, but I was actually doing carpenter work and glad to get it. We talked at the party. She was with some oil man, but I got her phone number. Next day I called her house. A little girl answered and said, 'Mommy's not at home.' I hadn't known she'd been married and had the girls. I always called her Mommy after that."

Tears came with the memories, and another was convinced that if Weaver knew any more about the death than he had told he was the greatest actor he'd ever met.

"Why'd you drive to Houston in a Chevrolet when the Cadillac was in the garage?" Donahue asked.

Weaver admitted there were probably a lot of people around town who wondered the same thing, but he explained he planned to do a lot of driving around Houston, looking at their property. He was not much good with automatic gear shifts and was afraid he'd skin up the Cadillac in traffic. The Chevy had a standard shift.

Donahue asked him about his experience with explosives.

Weaver said he was only an amateur archaeologist, just interested in it. He never studied explosives as had been implied in some papers. He was not a geologist. He never saw a drop of nitroglycerine in his life. All he knew about it was remembering when he was a boy his father used to tell him about putting a drop on an anvil and hitting it with a hammer. His father said it made an awful noise.

He looked straight at Donahue, his blue eyes intense. "You don't kill someone you love like I loved Mommy."

Across the street, Jack Donahue stopped at the service station and talked with the proprietor, who'd seen the blast and called for an ambulance.

"I've been married 30 years," this man declared. "I think I am more than an average devoted husband. I notice it in other folks. I never leave my home without kissing my

wife goodbye. And neither did Mr. Weaver."

Donahue talked with the maid who had worked in the mansion for 30 years. She remembered hearing Helen scream for Harry after the explosion. "They always got along good together," she said. "He called her Mommy and she called him Poppy."

Next, Donahue went to see the mystery witness, the woman bar owner. Her green Cadillac was parked nearby. He saw her as soon as he walked inside.

She was a tall and handsome brunette. Her gold dress, flecked with black dots, glimmered under the soft lights. She moved like a magnet, drawing the eyes of everyone in the room. Donahue glanced at her diamonds. The real stuff. About \$3000 worth.

He eased over to her, smiling. "Why did the grand jury want to see you in the Weaver bombing?"

Her smile was just as easy as his. "This fella wouldn't get the book in his mouth if he'd keep it shut."

Donahue tried a different approach, still smiling. "Who killed Helen Weaver?"

Her smile melted, her eyes settling on him steadily. "That was the work of a maniac."

Donahue guessed her age as around 40, but it was tough to guess, with that shiny dress and her wide bracketed smiling at him every-time she moved her hand. Her eyes were her main feature, heavy-lidded, long and narrow and turned up toward her temples at the outside corners.

She had known Harry Weaver as a casual friend. She used to have a music store downtown. Weaver liked old records, Ring Crosby best of all. He was always wanting something such as *I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen* or *Sweet Lullaby*.

"I didn't know him too well," she said. "My husband and I were invited to the Weaver ranch for a party some time back. We didn't go."

She gave Donahue no more information about the reason she was called before the grand jury than the district attorney had given.

Tuesday night at 11:33 p.m. the telephone rang in the big San Angelo mansion. The dead woman's daughter answered. It was a call from Oklahoma City, a call for Harry Weaver.

As soon as he heard the voice, Weaver recognized "Kelly Rose." He signaled for his stepdaughter's husband to listen on the extension.

"You double-crossed me. Now they're mad at me. They're liable to kill you," the voice growled. "I'll try to help you."

Weaver protested. "I didn't double-cross you. My line was tapped but it's all right now. You can talk now."

"Send the money. Kelly Rose, General Delivery, Oklahoma City. Don't double-cross me again."

"I'll send the money," Weaver promised, and the caller hung up.

Weaver called his lawyer, Carl Runge, and then notified Ed Dorris of the FBI. A few minutes later Weaver, Runge, Dorris and the dead woman's son-in-law huddled together at the foot of the stairs in the old brick mansion. There was no police guard that night. One was sick and the other was on another assignment.

The men talked quietly. Dorris wasn't sure it was a federal offense because "Kelly Rose" hadn't directly made a threat, but he helped them plan a trap. He advised them not to

send any money. They'd just have to keep sending it. If the man knew anything he'd go to the police.

Weaver decided to write a letter and promise to pay after he received information. Dorris left, after being urged to arrange for a police guard.

A few minutes later, an officer came, and drove around the mansion the rest of the night. The three men and Mrs. Weaver's daughter still sat on the steps talking. She said: "Let's send him some money. If he really knows something it will show we're acting in good faith. If he doesn't know anything, the police will catch him anyway and we'll get the money back."

"Why not offer a reward, too?" someone suggested. "Offer it publicly so everyone will see it."

Lawyer Runge wrote the letter to Kelly Rose, signing Weaver's name. They decided to send \$500. The letter said that they were offering a \$10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and final conviction of the killer. If the informant could supply that information, they'd send him \$9500 in addition to the enclosed \$500. They jettied down the serial numbers of the bills.

Dorris discovered no federal offense was involved, so Weaver called Sheriff Cecil Turner and told him about the letter. Turner insisted they send it by registered mail with a return receipt requested.

District Attorney Stokes was disturbed when he heard about the \$10,000 reward. The offer specified that all replies must be sent to Weaver.

It was Thursday, a week and a day after the murder, and Stokes had promised newspapermen he'd arrest his suspect Friday, the next day. He had an announcement.

"INFORMATION or evidence that would lead to final conviction might be lost forever unless given directly to the district attorney's office," he stated. "In every criminal case, information should be sent to the prosecutor and not to the defense attorney or . . . (a possible) suspect. This reward offer is worthless to the State of Texas as it now stands."

In San Angelo, the woman bar owner told reporters she thought the bomb was set by a maniac. He was still free, and every day she was getting a little more afraid when she started to motor to her Cadillac. She wanted everyone to know that she had no important information.

Thursday, Stokes and Texas Rangers left San Angelo for Houston. Stokes was determined to find the explosive shop where he believed the suspect he had in mind would be identified as having purchased the makings of the bomb.

Meanwhile, in Oklahoma City, 400 miles north of San Angelo, the post office authority at the general delivery window turned away a 14-year-old boy because he lacked the identification to claim a registered letter from San Angelo. Plainclothesmen slipped slowly from their stations in the lobby and followed the boy into the street. They saw the boy meet a man, and they closed in.

The man was Jack Ray Cordell, wanted in Brownwood, Tex., for forgery. He denied phoning Weaver and insisted he knew nothing about the bombing. But the boy admitted Cordell offered him \$100 to pick up the letter.

Although officers were sure Cordell was only working an extortion plot and was not in-



volved in the murder, Harry Weaver was jubilant. A reporter told him about the arrest as he sat in Rung's San Angelo office. "This ought to prove I wasn't lying about that first call. This ought to show them."

Asked if he was going to notify Sheriff Turner, Lawyer Rung shook his head. "He's handling it. We'll wait for him."

Thursday night, Detective H. K. Thompson of the Houston burglary and theft department got a phone call from a police character he knew.

"I know who did the Weaver bombing, and I want to tell you before another murder is committed."

Detective Thompson made an appointment to meet the man. This led him to a 45-year-old man named John McKinnis. The next afternoon, Friday, ten days after the bombing, Thompson met McKinnis.

"You know who Harry Washburn is?" McKinnis asked.

Thompson nodded. Washburn was the dead woman's ex-on-in-law.

"Well," McKinnis said. "Last March I met Washburn and he offered me and Ray File \$500 to kill Harry Weaver. He gave us a shotgun, some money, and a rented car. Me and File took a vacation to Mexico. When we ran out of money we came back. Our friend, Carl Heninger, was out of a job, but his wife—you know Adele, she's a lady wrestler—well, Adele had a chance to work if she could get some clothes, so we gave Carl the gun to hock. He got \$10 from a pawnshop and Adele got her job. Then this Washburn comes around again. He gives us more money and two more guns. He says, 'Get Weaver this time. Here's the artillery.' So I took a bus to San Angelo and turned right around and came back. I saved my bus ticket to show him I'd been there. Then me and File took off for a vacation in Galveston and San Antonio with Washburn's money. We never went close to Weaver. We didn't intend to do any murder. We were just carrying Washburn along for his money. We figured we had a good live sucker."

"Then, about four days before that bomb went off, Washburn came to us with this bomb idea. We turned him down and he said, 'Okay, I'll do it myself.' Next thing we know Mrs. Weaver gets killed. File says maybe we should tell the cops so nobody else gets killed. We kind of put it off until now."

Ray File's story coincided with McKinnis'. Police recovered the pawned shotgun and found the record of the car Washburn rented for his hired "killers" who in turn drove it to Mexico.

**D**ETECTIVE Thompson took their story to his superior, Captain Cecil Priest, who relayed it to Inspector Tom Eubanks, who told Police Chief Jack Heard. It was 7 a.m., Friday, when Chief Heard phoned District Attorney Stokes at the Texas State Hotel.

"Looks like your case has broken," Chief Heard said. He told them about McKinnis' and File's story.

Stokes hurriedly called San Angelo Peace Justice J. B. Holberg, who issued a warrant for the arrest of Harry Washburn. This was midnight Friday, the day Stokes had promised to go to the grand jury with his number one suspect.

Washburn was arrested in his home at 3 a.m. Saturday, January 29, a few minutes after Heninger was picked up for questioning. Washburn protested his innocence while his

attorney suggested the possibility that the informers were lying for the reward.

The Houston police went about collecting evidence against Washburn.

A Houston barber who'd overheard men he identified as Washburn, McKinnis, and File discussing the murder of Weaver volunteered to testify against Washburn.

Houston police checked all friends of McKinnis, File, and Washburn, particularly ones who had some knowledge of explosives. One friend, Andrew H. Nelson, an ex-convict, was arrested for a \$7500 grocery burglary. Under intense questioning, he admitted helping Washburn buy a case of dynamite from a suburban explosives store.

The clerk readily identified pictures of both Washburn and Nelson. He described Washburn's red and black Ford. The girl clerk in a sandwich shop across the street recognized Washburn's picture. "He was real friendly," she said. "Bought a hot dog and I put chili sauce on it. He smeared some of the sauce on his hands and it tickled me the way he joked about it. 'This is the bestest messiest hot dog I ever ate' is what he said."

Nelson told police how they'd parked in a wooded section along the highway while Washburn experimented with a stick of dynamite on the ground and long wires to the generator. "At first he tried wiring it to the spark plugs, but nothing happened. Then he hooked it to two points on the generator. All it took was for the motor to turn over and start making juice. Then it went off."

Police searched along the highway until they found a spot where scraps of wires and dynamite lay strewn on blackened grass.

Houston officers suggested that McKinnis and File receive the \$10,000 reward, but according to the terms in the offer, disposition of the money must wait until after a conviction is obtained.

Washburn was charged with murder in San Angelo on Saturday, January 29. His lawyer was firm in his pronouncement. "He's a victim of a vicious set of circumstances. I don't know of a man living who has lived a nobler life for the past 22 months, since he got the children."

Andrew Nelson's wife was questioned. She told officers: "The night before the explosion, my husband and I stayed all night in Harry Washburn's house. I don't remember what time he picked us up that afternoon, but I got there in time to cook supper for the Washburn kids, my husband, and myself."

"I thought we were staying because Mr. Washburn had a dinner and dancing date and needed a baby sitter. Next morning, Mr. Washburn had come home, and he drove us with him when he took his boy to school, then he took us home."

Nelson remembered: "Washburn and I drove around. About two hours after we left my wife at our house, we heard a news broadcast about the explosion. Washburn said, 'I killed the wrong person.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson were brought before Washburn's son and he was asked if he knew them. "Yeah," he said. "They stayed with me one night not very long ago."

Houston police heard rumors that Washburn had approached a woman with a deal for her to kill Harry Weaver. The woman was the wife of Carl Heninger, who'd been picked up at the time Washburn was arrested. Mrs. Heninger was known professionally as "Nature Girl," a lady wrestler. Police began a search for her.

In San Angelo, Harry Weaver packed his bags and moved out of the big mansion, heading for his ranch. "I suspected Washburn did it," he said. "I was the intended victim. Washburn wanted me out of the way. I was a man. He couldn't handle me. If he could have killed me, he could have bullied my wife out of all the money she had. I am positive that was the reason."

But Washburn's version of his disagreement with the Weavers was different. He didn't have any use for the Weavers, but said Mrs. Weaver was "all right, as women go." He said his visit to the ranch four years ago was at Mrs. Weaver's request to discuss patching up his marriage. Mr. Weaver came in and tried to throw him out, but Mrs. Weaver stopped him. Later, Washburn said, he was charged with extortion, burglary, and attempted murder. After the charges were dropped, he said, the Weavers made a \$30,000 cash and property settlement with him when he signed a waiver not to sue for false arrest.

**H**E said he went into the wholesale appliance business in Houston and lost \$114,000, going bankrupt. He wanted to get into real estate or building but he couldn't get enough money together. He never remarried because "you can never get another mother for your kids."

Mrs. Adele Heninger, the lady wrestler, read in the Dallas papers that she was wanted for questioning, so she took a bus from Dallas to Houston. She told police there that Washburn had asked her to phone Weaver and try to lure him to New Orleans.

She said he offered her \$10,000 to kill Weaver, telling her: "Weaver is a hard touch. Mrs. Weaver is an easy touch. If I can get rid of Weaver, his wife would pay off to keep her family from harm."

She said he planned to split with her the first take of \$20,000, and eventually extort \$100,000.

She said that when the plan to lure Weaver out of town failed, Washburn told her to contact Weaver, act interested in his gun collection, get into target practice with him at his ranch and "accidentally" shoot him to death. She said she absolutely refused.

It's close to 400 miles from Houston to San Angelo. If Washburn drove there and set the bomb during the night, he left Houston immediately after dropping the Nelsons at his home to baby-sit. That was about 3:30 a.m. The round trip was 800 miles, about as far as a one way trip from New York City to Chicago. Washburn returned in time to take his son to school, so he must have sped faster than the legal speed limit nearly all the way. Houston police asked all officers between the two cities to check their files for speeders the night the bomb was set.

Night Chief E. Y. Ginn, of Columbus, Tex., found a record that he had made out a ticket to Harry Washburn for speeding through a red light at 4 o'clock on the morning of the bombing. Columbus is 90 miles west of Houston, on the road to San Angelo. Washburn had given his correct name and address and showed his driver's license.

On February 4, Houston detectives learned that Washburn had been "kiting" checks at Houston supermarkets for weeks before Mrs. Weaver died. He would cash a check at one market and when it bounced he would cash another one at some other market to pay off the first one. He cashed a check for \$50

three days before the bombing and paid off that check the day of the killing.

The next day, Washburn's lawyer pulled out, abandoning Washburn to a court-appointed attorney. He explained his action by saying the case should be tried in San Angelo because "75 percent of the people there don't think he's guilty." He added; "I would take the case if it were going to be tried in Houston. But I simply can't afford to take the time away from my practice for an extended trial out of town.

"I've agreed to attempt to raise money and anticipate many of his friends will contribute to his defense. Washburn's pennies against Weaver's money is like a bow and arrow going to war against a jet plane."

Washburn, meanwhile, insisted he was innocent. He dictated a statement to a reporter:

"I want you to have faith in me. It's all looking pretty bad. I know I'm innocent of the damn thing. I'm confident there's going to be a hell of a lot of straightening out. I want everyone to have confidence in me and stick through this thing. I think all my friends and the general public are behind me."

He'd been sleeping on a bare mattress with only a blanket. He complained of stomach pains. His final word to the reporter was: "I want the public behind me and I want some pillows and sheets."

In his Houston cell, Nelson, who'd told police about Washburn's dynamite purchase, is alleged to have confessed that on February 5 he and Washburn together had robbed the home of Washburn's doctor-friend in Houston, the man whose wife was caring for the Washburn children.

In San Angelo, District Attorney Stokes announced he had located two witnesses who saw Washburn in town the night before the bombing. He would not reveal their names. He said only that he expected to go before the grand jury February 9 or 10.

"I'll do my talking in court," he said. Three days after the arrests, Heninger was released and any charges against him were dismissed.

The day Stokes took Washburn and Heninger to San Angelo, a reporter asked him why he had handcuffs on Washburn, but not on Heninger. Stokes pointed to Washburn. "He's the mean one. He is Number One."

Harry Weaver's only comment was: "I feel sorry for Washburn."

Washburn and Nelson were indicted on February 12 on charges of murder.

## And Now He's Sane

continued from page 51

desk in the reception room, explaining her boss' absence over the phone. She looked up at Keith and her disgusted glance chilled him.

She put down the phone but her voice was still brisk and business-like as she shuffled papers on her desk.

"Keith, I've told you it's all over. Why can't you live your own life and let me live mine? Now my boss is out of town and I've a hundred things to do. I can't talk during working hours."

HE grinned; the grin had always worked before. "Then I'll meet you downstairs and we'll have dinner together."

She looked up from her work. "You know that's impossible."

He leaned over her desk. "Connie, you were my girl before you were anyone. You loved me before you ever learned to assume that bland indifference you're using on me now. Put it off. I've got to talk to the real Connie underneath that veneer. I need her."

Her cold eyes were unwavering. "Keith, we were childhood sweethearts. It was first love, but that doesn't mean you own me. Remembering it is nice, I suppose. And maybe there's a sadness about it because it was a beautiful dream that will never come true. But we've grown up. We're different. Maybe I used to see you through the fog of dreams and first love. But now I see you as you are, and I know we're different. It's best this way. It should have ended long ago. First love is supposed to be brief. I don't know why ours lasted so long. Maybe it was the war. But our love is finished now, and it was long overdue."

Years made her face swim before his eyes. They were one; inseparable. She'd always known that, she couldn't change. "No, no, no," he sobbed. "You're part of me, like in the poetry we wrote each other. Do you think you can cut yourself out of me like a surgeon with a knife? It can't be done. I've tried. There's too much of you there, spread through me so I'll die if you aren't there."

"You won't die, Keith." She smiled, sadly. "You'll meet someone who will more than fill my place in your life."

He pleaded. The minutes drifted away while he begged. Four o'clock came and went

while he begged. At last, she pushed back her chair and stared up at him.

"Keith, I'm going to be married next week. He's a swell guy and I love him. Nothing else matters to me any more."

He felt the snarl pushing down the corners of his mouth. Connie must have lost her mind. The Connie he'd worshipped was replaced by a new Connie who was selfish and cruel and smug like everyone else. He had the feeling that a disease was eating into her, without her knowing it, making her destroy all her beauty. He tucked his package under his arm and walked out of the office without a word.

He went to the men's room at the end of the hall, walking without feeling his legs move. He stared at his face in the mirror.

The mouth corners were down, the eyes unusually wide under the finely shaped eyebrows. He fumbled with the brown wrapping paper and took out the gun, letting the box fall to the floor. He loaded it, while thoughts and pictures raced in confusion through his mind. . . . Someone else waiting downstairs for the crack in the wall. Someone else touching the familiar curve of her waist and watching her nose wrinkle playfully just before she kissed him, Someone else marrying her and fathering her children.

He left the washroom and went back to her office. The snub-nosed 38 felt warm under his grip as he pointed it at her.

"I suppose he'll be coming to meet you in a few minutes," Keith said. "We'll go into your boss' office while we wait."

His voice surprised him, calm and confident, when he was trembling inside. He was thinking that fear would defeat the new Connie, that she'd be so scared she'd become herself again. He watched her eyes widen, her red little mouth drop open. She left her desk without a word and walked ahead of him into the private inner office.

The shades were drawn. She turned toward him. She looked very confidently and quietly at him.

"Don't scream," he warned.

Her little shoulders were straight and proud, her chin held tight so it wouldn't tremble. Strange, how well they knew each other, and yet both were putting on an act of fearlessness when they were more scared than

they'd admit. An act for each other's benefit. Had they drifted so far apart that they must do this?

His gun hand faltered and dropped a little. She made a dive for it. He wrenched it away and raised his arm, bringing the gun butt down toward her head like a hammer. She saw it coming, knowing so well how he moved, and ducked to one side in time.

He grabbed for her, but she slipped out of his grasp. In a strange way, it was like it used to be when they danced together, she knowing where he would move before he made a motion. He hacked angrily away, pressing the trigger tight.

She hadn't expected the bullet that ripped through her. He could tell by the shock in her eyes, the weak "Oh" whispered from her lips. He pressed the trigger again, but she was falling and the second shot missed. He stood over her and emptied the gun into her, the four shots harking a steady rhythm.

He fumbled the box of cartridges from his coat pocket and reloading the gun. He aimed at her prone body, but something about the way she lay there stopped him.

Her head was thrown back, the beautiful chin he'd kissed so many times jutting up at a strange angle. He knelt and pressed his fingers against her white wrists. Once a long time ago they'd felt the pulse in each other's wrists, a childish game to find just which spot on the wrist was best for finding it. Now there was no throbbing under his fingertips. Nothing, except the delicate warm skin he'd loved.

HE went to the phone and dialed his father's office number. "I've just shot Connie," he said. "I'll wait for you in her office."

He walked out into the hall. A woman stepped briskly down the corridor. "Did you call the police?" he asked her.

She must not have heard the shots. She looked at him strangely, then moved away muttering "No," as she hurried away.

A man dashed from a nearby office. "What's going on here?"

Keith said nothing and the stranger followed him into the inner office where Connie lay. The man bolted back into the hall, slamming the door behind him.

Far away, a siren wailed. Keith went into the reception room and waited.

When Keith's father hung up the telephone in his power company office, he wasn't sure if his son was crazy or playing some kind of joke. He grabbed his hat and hurried out into the street. At the Southland Life Building entrance, he met a policeman.

Sirens screamed behind them as he and the officer ran inside and into an elevator. Upstairs they found Keith sitting by a window in the reception room.

The youth looked at his father without speaking to him. He got up and handed the revolver to the policeman.

While detectives questioned Keith, a young man of about 22 burst into the office. He was Connie's fiancé, a good-looking, slender fellow. "Thursday, just six more days," he said, "and I was going to marry Carolyn."

HE hurried his face in his hands while the policeman told him she was dead. Then he stared around him, at the policemen, at Keith and Keith's father while full realization swept over him. "Her mother and father," he said. "They shouldn't find out like this. I'll have to do it. There's no one else."

He left the office solemnly.

The next day Keith was charged with murder and sent to the county jail.

Among the visitors he had was one who said: "You're crazy, crazy as any man on the face of the earth."

Keith smiled. "I am at peace with the world," he said. "I have Connie, and she's mine."

He whiled away his time writing poetry to Connie who was buried three days before her scheduled wedding.

Some of Keith's friends were shocked to hear that the girl had planned to marry someone else. She had been at Keith's home for dinner often. Not long ago she had mentioned that she loved Keith, but she said she didn't want anyone telling her what to do.

"I'm not sorry I killed her," Keith told the police. "I don't think I'm crazy. I suppose I did something abominable, but I think I am very sane. But insanity probably will be the plea. I've tried suicide, you know."

A top attorney was hired to defend Peterson. The lawyer planned to have the defense on insanity.

The sanity hearing was held in Judge Henry King's criminal district court on November 15, 1949. King ignored the questioning of prospective jurors and spent his time reading from a new testament. His attorney opened the hearing boldly.

"This hearing is not a ruse to keep Keith from going to prison or to the electric chair. He is a dangerous insane boy."

An instructor at Southern Methodist University described Keith as "neurotic, intellectual, very spoiled, and highly intelligent. When he talks about himself you have the feeling he is sitting off on a perch looking at himself."

A journalism teacher at SMU said that Keith had displayed a "very superior attitude" about his school courses. "He is one of the most unstable persons I have ever met," she added. "Egotistical and conceited."

A young woman who had double-dated with her husband, Connie, and Keith during schooldays testified that Keith was "a very conceited, arrogant, self-centered, and a jealous snob."

Also brought out in the trial was the fact

that Keith had always felt himself an unwanted child.

Keith had an early ambition to be a brain surgeon. When he was ten years old he took his school savings money to buy books on anatomy and a dictionary of medical terms. He translated the anatomy book into a work he could understand. He believed he knew a great deal about the operations of the human body. When he and Carolyn had their quarrel he destroyed all his writings and about 2000 reference books he'd collected.

"He became thoroughly obsessed with this girl," one witness said. "He talked of her incessantly. She was the only sweetheart he ever had."

It was testified that Keith had acted more and more abnormal during the ten days before the murder, that he didn't eat for five days before the shooting, that—according to one person—"he looked like a wild animal."

Several of Connie's poems that Keith hadn't destroyed were read to the court. One spoke of welcoming death and was titled *What I Want Inscribed On My Tombstone*. Another, called *The Murder of I*, predicted the death of a man who found his only love in a mirror.

Keith smoked cigars in a long holder all during the readings and at one point he jumped from his chair at the defense table and shouted: "Nobody can read those but myself!"

At other times during the trial when the youth disagreed with the testimony of certain witnesses he would jump up and holler: "That's wrong! That's wrong!"

A doctor testified that Keith "believes he did Connie a favor. . . . He felt she was his possession and was slipping away from him. He doesn't feel he has done wrong and feels no guilt. He thinks some people may suffer because of her absence, but he believes she is happy and that she is taking part in everything he does."

The doctor said Keith told him Connie had visited his cell in county jail three times since she was killed. "He says she enters into everything he's done since she died."

Keith, the doctor testified, was a paranoid-schizophrenic, meaning he thought people were against him and he had a split personality in which his thinking and acting failed to run parallel.

"He told me he felt he did her a favor by taking her out of the trouble she was getting into, because she belonged to him. As far as he is concerned, people are a bunch of dupes and no society is capable of judging him."

A reporter testified that Keith had told him immediately after the shooting that he didn't intend to kill Connie, only to scare her and teach her some sense. "I asked him why he kept shooting," the reporter said. "He told me: 'It was one of those things. When you start shooting you just keep on shooting.'"

Others who swore they thought Keith was insane were the friend who had introduced him and Connie seven years before, a man whom Keith visited when he ran away from home in 1942, and two neighbors.

Those who testified they thought Keith was legally sane included the sporting goods clerk who sold Keith the gun, a girl who used to ride to work with Keith, a former schoolmate, Deputy Sheriff David L. Johnston, the dead girl's father, and the county health officer.

The jury debated their verdict for two hours and then filed back in the courtroom. Judge King looked at the slip of paper and

announced, "Some of you will be pleased with the verdict, some displeased, but I want no demonstrations."

The jury had decided that at the time of the murder, September 2, Keith Petersen was "sane."

Keith smiled broadly, as if he'd won a victory.

The judge continued: "But he is now insane."

The smile vanished as if it had never been. The mouth corners turned down into a snarl. The court bailiff reached for Keith's arms to escort him back to jail. Keith jerked away. "Keep your hands off me," he shouted. "Don't touch me."

Six officers rushed to help, and they carried Keith out kicking and screaming.

Five days later, he was placed in Terrell Mental Hospital, to remain until cured, when he would have to face trial.

A year later, on October 25, 1950, it was discovered that Keith was drawing \$60 a month from the federal government for non-service-connected disability (being insane), and was being cared for by the state-supported asylum.

Three years later, there was a scandal in the institution. A nurse reportedly became involved with Keith and the hospital announced: "Other patients have developed a hostile attitude toward the youth and his condition isn't improving."

He was transferred to Rusk Mental Hospital.

On September 30, 1954, five years after the shooting, Keith Petersen was declared sane. He came back to Dallas weighing 200 pounds, neat and handsome in his gray trousers and white shirt. He went through the formality of a sanity hearing, a habeas corpus hearing, and was scheduled to be tried for murder.

HE planned to plead that he was insane at the time of the murder.

On the morning of January 17, 1955, as jury selection began, the prosecutor, defense lawyers, and the judge met in the judge's chambers to discuss a "swapout."

The prosecution was afraid Keith could prove he was insane at the time of the murder, and the defense was aware of the possibility Keith could be sent to the electric chair. Both settled for a plea of guilty with an automatic life sentence.

At 4 P.M., the formality of a trial began. Brief testimony was given by officers and the funeral director who had handled Connie's body. Then the judge sentenced Keith to life imprisonment, his sentence to be retroactive to the day of the murder.

A Texas prisoner serving life is eligible for parole in 15 years. That would leave Keith nine-and-a-half years to serve, if his first five-and-a-half years are counted. But by working as a trusty at skilled jobs in the prison hospital or office, and by donating blood, Keith can cut this period to seven years.

There were some who disagreed with the swapout decision, some who were convinced that Petersen was insane when he committed the crime, but Keith was not one of them.

"It's all right," he murmured. "When I get out I think I'll study animal husbandry and buy a farm, probably in Missouri, marry, and raise a family. Parents in the cities are so involved in their jobs they don't have time for their kids. That's the reason I want a farm. I want time for my kids, to give them the attention and affection they need."



She had a lot of work to do before she could scream murder.



First, officers had nothing but axe and bloody palm print.



Millionaire Hayden (left) knew no one who hated his wife.

## AND GAVE HER MISTRESS 30 WHACKS

■ She died enroute to the hospital, unable even to mumble the name of her attacker. She was Mrs. Kate Hayden, 71-year-old wife of a wealthy Beverly Hills, Cal., industrialist and she was the victim of 20 to 30 powerfully-struck hatchet blows, any one of which might have claimed her life. Police had a bloody palm print from the kitchen sink, and a possible suspect to work with. The suspect was a one-time cook in the Hayden home, fired because his cooking was not satisfactory. He was cleared within a few hours. The palm print didn't match, his alibi was backed by several witnesses. Next, police questioned more than 50 workmen who were constructing a sprinkler system on the Hayden grounds. Had they seen anything? Heard anything? Nothing, they said, until the screams of the Hayden maid, Mrs. Peggy King, brought them running, revealed the murdered woman and an

apparently ransacked house. Dresser drawers had been pulled out to suggest robbery, but nothing was taken. Police next questioned Mrs. King, recently-hired maid. She had been vacuuming the house when she heard the screams, she said. Given a lie detector test, her answers wobbled like jelly when asked: "Can you identify the killer?" and "Are you afraid because you know who did it?" She finally confessed. She had been using the hand axe to cut the bone on a roast when Mrs. Hayden came into the kitchen, argued about how the bone should be cut, took the axe. A fight followed during which Peggy says she struck the woman again and again. Then she ran upstairs, pulled out drawers to make it look like robbery. She explained she'd been nervous since her common-law husband left her. She was booked for what the autopsy surgeon described as the most vicious killing he'd seen.

# Big Bo's Out

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and friendly, you'd think that at 49 his days of law-breaking were over.

Maybe that's why the guards relaxed a little on Julius Bohannon. They had no way of knowing what scheme boiled behind the placid dark eyes of the killer.

For years, he ran the projection machine for prison movies. His fingers wound and unwound film quickly, accurately, and could find the right buttons to press and handles to turn without his mental direction. If a film broke, he had it running again in seconds. Saturday, January 8, a guard took him from his cell to the trusty building outside the whitewashed prison walls.

The trustees planned to watch a movie that evening. At 6:30, when they arrived at the building the sun was gone, leaving only a trace of gray twilight. The guard followed Julius to the projection booth and turned him over to a second guard. Julius nodded to the guard and went into the booth to prepare the film.

The trustees took their seats before the screen. One took out a package of gum and passed it to his friends. Auditorium lights dimmed under Bohannon's touch on the switch. There were sounds of waiting. Male laughter and conversation, punctuated with pauses and glances toward the screen. Two prisoners turned and stared back at the projection booth. Their hands began clapping a steady beat. Others joined in and someone shouted, "Let's have the show."

The guard frowned at the noise and pecked into the dark projection booth, "About ready, Bohannon?"

No answer.

The guard groped for the lights. At a touch of the switch, the booth burst into a blaze of light. It was empty.

**T**HERE was the first gun. A phone call to Warden Jerome J. Waters, and in minutes the building was full of guards. Spotlights played over walls and prison yards. The keeper aroused his prison bloodhounds. Off-duty guards rushed from their cottages, strapping revolvers to their hips.

A guard raced to Bohannon's cell and brought one of Bohannon's shoes for the bloodhounds to sniff and lick. The dogs found the trail outside the trusty building and led the guards into a field.

They crashed through underbrush and stumbled over rocks, flashlights bobbing and weaving as they followed the dogs. The path they took was straight as an arrow, pointing toward the highway that crosses the mile-wide field.

They stumbled through the ditch and up on the roadway. The bloodhounds stopped, their noses sensitively exploring in a dozen directions, then returning to the place where they'd stopped. The dogs gazed up at their master inquiringly. The answer was clear. Someone in a car had picked up Julius Bohannon.

Roadblocks were ordered, and prison officials rounded up Bohannon's friends among the convicts.

There weren't many. Most of Bohannon's associations in prison were strictly for business, operating schemes to make money. Once

he had been a kingpin with about twenty prisoners working for him. They bought coffee, cokes, candy, and smokes from the concessions stand and delivered them to cells for twice the price the prisoners would have paid if they'd gone after the refreshments themselves. A prisoner in his cell listening to the radio or reading didn't have to interrupt his entertainment when he ran out of cigarettes. He only had to call out and they were brought to him. If a card game was hot with excitement, Bohannon's boys served cokes or coffee to the players and spectators, getting thanks as well as dimes for their trouble. The profit on this business was more than twice what the concessions stand cleared in the original sale. At one time, it was estimated that Bohannon's income was close to \$4000 a year, coming from his photography, the operation of his Alabama tavern, and his concessions racket.

Eight years ago, prison officials clamped down on the concessions scheme, forbidding prisoners to operate it. It's a hard rule to enforce. A man can buy refreshments, as long as he doesn't buy too much, and no one can prove it isn't for himself. A rule was made that any money made on concessions would go into the prison canteen fund, used for the benefit of all prisoners. This was an incentive to force prisoners to turn in any one who pocketed such money.

As far as officials know, Bohannon's days as concessions "Boss" ended eight years ago. Still his friends are few. He rarely spoke to fellow convicts.

But one convict friend nodded when he was told about the break. "He said a few days ago that he might take off. He said he was tired of this place and you'd never get him back in here alive."

Warden Waters shook his head. "I can't understand it. He was pushing another application for parole and he was hopeful. Now when we catch him, parole will be even further away."

From Bohannon's friends they learned that the escapee had taken about \$1500 with him in cash. The highway where he'd disappeared was only a few hours' drive from Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana.

Roadblocks revealed no trace of him, and authorities could only guess which way he'd gone. One guard suggested, "Kiamichi Mountains. They're fairly close, and he knows them like I know these walls."

The Kiamichi in the rugged southeastern part of Oklahoma are sparsely settled. Bohannon had friends there who would help him. "We may be weeks catching him if he goes back in those hills far enough," the guard added.

"Or Broken Bow," someone murmured.

Broken Bow is a mountain town in McCurtain County, southeastern Oklahoma. It was here that Julius Bohannon killed two deputy sheriffs, E. J. Whitten and W. D. Wilmoth in 1914 when they tried to question him about a bank holdup. He was given life for one of the killings and 99 years for the other. One thing that kept blocking his hopes for parole was the insistent opposition of Deputy Whitten's brother, Grover Whitten. Grover Whitten had recently opposed Bohannon's latest plea for parole, and Grover Whitten lived in Broken Bow, just across the Kiamichi Mountains, and 100 miles southeast from the prison.

News of the escape spread from McAlester like wildfire. Doors were locked and drivers sped past hitchhikers. In Broken Bow there

was the feeling that an elastic band was stretching tighter and tighter every minute Bohannon was loose. He'd sworn he'd never be taken alive. Something was going to happen, the elastic would break, and there would be dead men.

Monday morning January 10, Bohannon had been gone 36 hours. Roadblocks were abandoned and authorities in neighboring cities and states were alerted with the warning, "Will be hard to capture alive."

The last time Bohannon had escaped, when, as a trusty, he walked away from the prison, there was a state investigation of the prison. Now another one was brewing. Warden Waters, a former Army general, began a detailed investigation of the guards who were in charge of Bohannon when the escape was made.

He asked for help in finding Bohannon. Tuesday morning after the Saturday night escape, Warden Waters forwarded pictures of Bohannon to television stations in seven states. He asked for a federal fugitive warrant, and the FBI was brought in on the case.

A few hours later, New Orleans, La., police officers telegraphed the prison. They had arrested a man who answered Bohannon's description. Deputy Warden H. C. McLeod telephoned New Orleans with a full description and fingerprint classification of Bohannon. The New Orleans man did not fit them.

**T**HE next afternoon, the Wednesday after the Saturday escape, a beer tavern operator in Edmond, Okla., 150 miles northwest of the prison, notified police that Bohannon had been in his tavern with two women and another man. They left, driving toward Oklahoma City in an old model car. The tavern-keeper had carefully folded a napkin around the man's beer can to preserve the fingerprints. Oklahoma City police and deputy sheriffs honeycombed the highways and suburbs, setting up roadblocks, but they couldn't find the car or the suspect. Fingerprint experts worked on the beer can and called off the search when they found the prints did not match Bohannon's.

The panic swelled. Now the tips were a dime a dozen. Everybody was seeing "Big Bo." But no tip checked out.

From McAlester, Warden Waters announced that two guards had been discharged and another suspended for ten days because of Bohannon's escape. This housecleaning might forestall the expense and publicity of a state investigation. "The two guards were negligent and bordered on carelessness," he said.

One of the discharged guards had escorted Bohannon from the prison to the trusty building where he was turned over to the other dismissed guard. The suspended guard had changed shifts with another guard, which is permitted if authorities are notified. But the suspended man neglected that formality, and was discovered because of Bohannon's escape.

That Wednesday night a trembling, half-hysterical man ran into police headquarters at Sibley, Tex., near the gulf coast. He said he'd just escaped from two men who had kidnapped him in his own car at Baytown, robbed him, and forced him to drive them east. He was near the Louisiana border when he escaped. He identified a photograph of Bohannon as one of the men.

Highway patrols in southwest Louisiana were alerted. At 4 a.m. the next morning, Thursday, five days after the escape, Rayne, La., police burst in on a group of men who

were burglarizing a bar. The men ran outside, dropped the stolen money in their parked car, but the pursuing officers didn't give them time to get in the car and drive away. They fled on foot, stole a second car and abandoned it when the gear shift jammed. They stole a third car and disappeared in it.

A check of the first car showed it was stolen from Dayton, Tex., near the place where the kidnaped man had escaped. It contained a map of Oklahoma and Texas with a route traced in pencil from Oklahoma through Texas and into Louisiana.

Convinced that they were on the trail of Bohannon, Louisiana state police set up roadblocks and notified all southern Louisiana to watch for the men.

The usual prison reward, \$25 for information leading to the capture of any escapee, was the only reward offered.

Sunday, a week and a day after the escape, the sheriff of McIntosh County, about 25 miles north of the prison, got a tip on Bohannon. Like most officers, Sheriff Clarence Douglas has informers on the fringes of the law, men who come to him with information. Sunday evening, January 16, one of these informers told the sheriff that Bohannon was hiding in a barn on the outskirts of Eufaula, only 28 miles north of the prison. He'd been there several days, and friends planned to move him that night. The informer gave Sheriff Douglas a description and license number of the car that would carry Bohannon to a safer place, somewhere northeast. "He's wearing a black knee-length slicker and a dark long-haired cap," the man said.

Sheriff Douglas jotted down the descriptions and license number. "Do you know who's taking him out?"

The informer nodded. "Albert West and Bobby Frank Caldwell in that old car of theirs."

At 7:45, Sheriff Douglas sped to the Caldwell home. Caldwell was gone, and he wasn't expected back that night.

Douglas called the highway patrol and gave them the description of the car. He called the FBI, and then notified Muskogee County and Cherokee County, both north of his own county, that the car was headed their way. He posted deputies in the homes of Caldwell and West, on the chance that they would contact their families while they drove Bohannon north.

**THIRTY-FIVE** miles north of Eufaula, in Muskogee, the roadblocks were still up at midnight. Thirty-two miles farther northeast, in the little town of Tahlequah, the streets were dark and deserted. A lighted service station like an island in the darkness was one of the few places open. The all-night attendant heard nothing about a mysterious car headed his way, but when a battered old jalopy pulled into his driveway and he glanced through the window, he recoiled in fear. The face of the man in the back seat was the face he'd seen in all the papers. Puffy and saggy-jawed with dark eyes that seemed to see through everything. He was scared. He tried to hide his fear, hide his recognition from the two in the front seat. But he had to take the oil reading three times before he got it right, and he spilled some oil putting the quart they ordered in the car. It seemed like hours crept by while they drank bottles of pop. As soon as their rear wheels rolled out of his driveway, the attendant grabbed the phone and notified police.

A city police car, among many alerted after the attendant's call, cruised a southwest Tahlequah street. Two cars drove toward it, their four headlights blotting out the cars themselves. The officers saw the first car stop at the curb. They passed slowly, reading the license number. It was the wanted number.

They let the second car pass between them and the fugitive's curbed car. Then they wheeled into a U-turn. Instantly, a door of the jalopy swung open and a figure in a black slicker and long-haired cap dashed like a shadow into a nearby vacant lot.

The officers left their car, drawing guns as they ran; one to the parked car while the other chased after the escaping figure. But the shadow had mingled in other shadows, and there was no sound or sign that he had been there.

They arrested Albert West and Bobby Frank Caldwell. Other officers hurried to the area to search for the man in the black slicker.

West and Caldwell admitted the man with them was Bohannon. They said he'd offered them \$100 to drive him to Stilwell, 25 miles east of Tahlequah. They hid the fugitive in the car and left Eufaula at 6:30 Sunday. They asked him to get in the trunk when they drove through Muskogee. At Stilwell, Bohannon couldn't find the friends he was looking for, so he told them to take him back to Muskogee. In Tahlequah, halfway between the two towns, they saw the car behind them, and thinking it might be police, they pulled over to let it pass. Officers in the incoming patrol car spotted the license plate. When they turned around, Bohannon bolted.

They were arrested at 2:30 A.M. Monday. By 4:30 A.M. police were thick as flies in southwest Tahlequah. Forty FBI agents, troopers, and police from Muskogee and Tahlequah combed the area.

They sent for bloodhounds from McAlester.

In the search, they found a pair of prison overhauls in mud near the lot where Bohannon fled. He must have left them so he could run faster.

At dawn, the bloodhounds took up the chase. Above them two highway patrol planes buzzed at treetop height, in constant touch by radio with the ground posse.

The dogs led them across lots and over fences to the outer edge of town. They came to a pasture where grazing cattle saw the dogs and, mistaking them for coyotes on a daylight prow for calves, ran after them. The cattle bellowed and batted at the dodging dogs, throwing the animals off scent. The trail was lost.

A truck driver reported he'd seen Bohannon on the edge of town just before daybreak. The man was under a streetlight and the truck driver recognized him at once.

Lieutenant Dave Faulkner, head of the highway patrol's Tulsa district, said if Bohannon wasn't found soon he'd start a house to house search of that area of town.

Later in the day, they knocked on every door in the neighborhood. If the occupant seemed nervous or suspicious, the officers searched the house. Without results, Bohannon had escaped again.

At 3:30 P.M. a woman in Locust Grove, about 30 miles northwest of Tahlequah, reported she'd seen a man who looked like Bohannon cross her yard. Thirty minutes later, an attendant at a service station just outside Locust Grove called police and said he saw him.

The posse moved to the Locust Grove area,

changing roadblocks from Tahlequah highways to the Locust Grove roads.

Tension was at fever-pitch. For fifty miles around, people were making frantic calls to policemen, reporting they had seen Bohannon. It was impossible to tell which direction to move, because the calls were coming in equal numbers from all directions. As soon as people in Stilwell found out that Bohannon had been seeking friends there, they began seeing him in great numbers.

**THE** next stretch on the tension sent a flurry of panic through eastern Oklahoma. On Tuesday, January 16, the day after the Tahlequah search, Grover Whitten opened a letter from his mailbox in Broken Bow, near Oklahoma's southeastern corner. His mouth set in an angry line as he read the message. Then he folded it and put it back in the envelope and took it to the deputy sheriff, H. E. Stewart, son of former Sheriff O. F. Stewart who investigated the murder of Grover's brother, Deputy Jasper Whitten, who Bohannon killed 20 years before.

The letter was typewritten. There was no handwriting, not even in the signature.

"Dear Grover; -

"I guess you are somewhat surprised to hear from me. But since you have been so interested in blocking my parole, I want to say this to you, and I mean every word of it. I feel I have paid my debt to society. Now that I am out once more, I know that I do not have much to lose.

"But keep this in mind. I am paying you a visit. After that I don't care what happens to me. Should I go the hard way, I am going to carry someone with me and you are one of them.

"Signed, Julius Bohannon."

The postmark was Oklahoma City.

Immediately, a hatch of phone calls came in from Oklahoma City. People remembered seeing a man of Bohannon's description.

In Cherokee County, Attorney Jim Whyte was still questioning West and Caldwell. They were charged with aiding a criminal in flight. West protested. Once, he said, they'd passed a parked police car, and he deliberately ran a red light, hoping the police would stop him and take Bohannon. "But they didn't pay any attention," he added.

The next evening, Wednesday, almost 36 hours after Whitten received his letter, another flurry of calls came in at Tahlequah police headquarters. Four people reported seeing him on a country road in a rough wooded section 17 miles southwest of Tahlequah. Fifty officers rushed to the area and blocked off a square to surround and search.

They combed the brush all night. The bloodhounds could find no trail. Troopers Fred Henry and Ed J. Edwards held circle the roads around and through the square in their patrol car. There was no sign of a man.

At daybreak, the two patrolmen parked the car and started on foot. They doggedly checked all houses, barns and heavy underbrush, knowing that every step might be watched by Bohannon. He'd said he'd never be taken alive, and he'd shot down officers before. They might crowd him in a corner without realizing it and be killed before they saw him.

They spotted a shack, buried back in the woods. Quietly they slipped around it, and found both the front and back doors locked from the inside. They took a knife and slipped the blade through the crack where the door

closed, forcing the latch up on the inside. They jerked open the door and stood back.

Quietly, they slid through the doorway. The sun was just rising, and the inside was dark-gray. In the semi-darkness they saw a figure on the bed, wrapped in a blanket.

"Get up!" they demanded. "Police officers."

There was no movement from the bed.

Fearing a sudden burst of gunfire from the blanket in the darkness, they backed toward the door. Edwards held a pistol, and Henry's shotgun was trained on the bed. They stepped outside. While one officer waited there, the other went back to the patrol car for a flashlight so they would at least see a gun if one were there.

When the trooper came back, he flashed the beam inside on the bed and walked back in.

The blanket moved. A man rose up in the bed. It was Bohannon.

"It's all right," he announced softly, with great dignity. "I'm the man you want."

He was unarmed.

It was noon when they delivered him inside the walls of the state penitentiary. He was polite, clean-shaven, his graying hair immaculate. He turned to his captors, the highway patrolmen, and shook their hands.

"I want to thank you for the nice way you treated me."

Bohannon denied to everyone that he'd been helped during his escape. When asked about Caldwell and West, he shook his head. "I don't know anything about it and don't know either of those two men."

He refused to give any details about how he escaped. But he said, "I was double-crossed from the time I started out." Questioned further, he said the double-cross was about payoffs, but would say no more.

He had three \$100 bills and a \$10 bill when he was captured.

He said he hadn't eaten during the ten days since he left prison, although he seemed in very good condition. "I don't know another man my age who could stand it," he said.

His legs were scratched and swollen. He'd spent the last three or four days circling Tahlequah like it was "magnetic. Everything was against me, even the weather."

Clouds hid the sun so he couldn't tell direction by it. "I passed the same farm twice."

HE was as polite as ever. "When I left here, my freedom was all I wanted. I did not commit one single crime, although I might have made a getaway if I had committed a crime. I spent the last days looking for a telephone. I wanted to call the warden or a friend so he could call the warden and tell him where I was. I decided I had done the wrong thing. The last man I talked to before I was captured was to ask for a telephone."

"It's getting harder and tougher each time I escape. Each time is a little shorter. If running is the only kind of life outside, then I don't want any more of that."

He apologized for bringing criticism to Warden Walters and for the prison. "This is my home. I will never try again."

His home was assigned in solitary confinement in the building known officially as "Administrative Security" and known to convicts as "Little Alcazar."

As the guards led Bohannon toward his cell, he still denied writing the threatening letter to Grover Whitten.

"It is fantastic. I have no ill-will towards any human being. Someone has something against me."

## Headquarters Lineup

By Larry Roberts

What do you know about crime? The better informed you are, the more valuable you become as a citizen in your community. Test your knowledge. Mark an X beside your answers.

1. What are convicts in our prisons like?

- ☐ (a) They make up an average cross-section of the underworld.
- ☐ (b) They're below average compared to the run of professional criminals.
- ☐ (c) They are mentally superior to criminals at large.

2. How do our crime statistics stack up with those of European countries?

- ☐ (a) The U. S. crime record is not as bad as Italy's which is the highest in Europe.
- ☐ (b) Our crime rate is higher than in Italy and ten times worse than in Norway and Sweden.
- ☐ (c) The crime rate in the U. S. is no higher than it is in Europe.

3. Do you know this man? Ten years ago in Washington, D. C., he drowned Auburn-haired Nancy Boyer in a bathtub. In February, 1945, only a month before



he had drowned red-haired Blanche Zimmerman in Chicago. Christmas Eve, 1944, he had celebrated in New Orleans by drowning Laura Fischer, the first of his red-haired bathtub victims. The previous 15 Christmases he had celebrated with turkey and ice cream for dinner in the Jackson, Mich., state prison, for kidnapping. It was on November 27, 1944, as a trusty, that he was sent to the bank with \$750 in cash his fellow inmates had contributed to a war bond drive, but he never arrived. He went after those red-headed women.

4. Is there much blackmailing today?

- ☐ (a) Yes, as much as there ever was.
- ☐ (b) No. The FBI has driven this dirty business virtually out of existence.

5. What type of victims do blackmailers select?

- ☐ (a) Only the wealthy. Small fry wouldn't be worth the trouble.
- ☐ (b) Anyone—even a poor man may fall prey to a blackmailer.

6. Suppose you have innocently become involved in a situation which could make things uncomfortable for you if it became generally known and you have been threatened with exposure by a blackmailer. To what law enforcement agency should you turn for help?

- ☐ (a) A private detective agency.
- ☐ (b) Your own police department.
- ☐ (c) The FBI.

7. A girl accepts a ride across a state line with an acquaintance she picked up or by hitchhiking. Then she threatens to turn him over to the police as a violator of the Mann Act if he doesn't pay her off. Is this a common racket today?

- ☐ (a) Yes. This happens often enough that men should be wary of casual pickups.
- ☐ (b) No. This form of blackmail went out with Prohibition.

8. Suppose a prisoner at police headquarters slays an officer with his own service revolver while the chief and other policemen witness the shooting. Would that slayer be entitled to put the taxpayers to the expense of a full jury trial just because he pleads not guilty?

- ☐ (a) Yes. This applies to any killer—no matter how obviously guilty nor how many eyewitnesses there are.
- ☐ (b) No. Under these circumstances, the sworn statements of the police chief and the other official eyewitnesses before a judge would be more than enough to establish the slayer's guilt.

9. Does a policeman have the right to walk into your home, go into your bedroom, look under the bed, open the closet, then walk out without having first shown a search warrant?

- ☐ (a) Yes—if he's looking for some dangerous criminal or the loot of a big bank robbery.
- ☐ (b) Positively not—no matter what he's after. He must have a search warrant with him giving him special permission to go through your property.

10. Would you say that drug addicts are responsible for a good half of the crimes which take place in this country?

- ☐ (a) Yes. At least half of our major crimes are committed by addicts.
- ☐ (b) No. Most addicts are more of a menace to themselves than to society and are responsible for only such offenses as petty thievery and the like.

(Answers on page 82)

# Where Is Lola Celli?

continued from page 31

When she heard him coming up the walk, she picked up her suitcase and hid it behind the archedway in the dining room. But Felice saw a corner of it and laughed. "I know Sis is home, even though she's trying to fool me," he said and then Lola came out from where she was hiding and ran up to him and hugged him."

The family spent the evening together—"talking and laughing," Mrs. Celli says—with Lola doing most of the talking, telling about her job as a home economics instructor at a West Mansfield school, telling about her roommate there, and about all the fun they had together, sitting down at the piano at one point and playing a few of her father's favorite Italian songs, growing sad only once—when she was told that her childhood friend, a 24-year-old doctor named Anthony Meli, who had suffered a severe attack of influenza in December, had been sent back to the hospital recently because of complications.

Mr. and Mrs. Celli were the first to go to bed that night. Then Felice, tired from a day of study and work, turned in. And finally, both Lola and Elda retired.

"The next morning," Mrs. Celli recalls, "after my husband and Felice had left the house, Lola and I had coffee together in the kitchen. Lola said she thought she would go downtown to one of the stores there and open a charge account. She wanted to do this so she could have her name placed on a hoisery list." (It wasn't long after World War II and nylon, still in short supply, were virtually rationed by department stores throughout the country.)

"I started to mop the kitchen floor," Mrs. Celli says, "Lola, who'd gone upstairs to get dressed, came down while I was mopping. I noticed that she had on an old skirt and I asked her why she hadn't put on one of her better ones."

"Oh," she said, "I'm only going to shop a little and come right back, Mama. Anyway, my coat will hide the skirt."

"She said goodbye. I went on with my work and I heard the door close. It was about 10:30 that morning."

THE Celli house is on West Third Avenue, in the middle of the block. She turned west, crossed the street and started to walk up the block. She was seen by a neighbor of the Celli's as she walked. The neighbor had been standing near a ground-floor window of his house, putting on his coat, preparing to go downtown, too.

A minute or so later, he was walking down his front steps. "I turned left then, too," he says. "I could still see Lola, about two blocks ahead of me, in her gray fur coat and red shoes. I decided that she was going to catch the same bus I would take, the one that stops at West Third Avenue and Cambridge Boulevard. I remember looking down Third Avenue as I crossed it. I could still see Lola. She was walking toward Cambridge Boulevard."

When he got to the bus stop, however, Lola wasn't there. Police later talked to the driver of the bus which had pulled out a few minutes before the neighbor's bus arrived. The driver said that he was certain that no one matching Lola Celli's description had boarded his bus at the Third Avenue corner.

Mrs. Celli became worried about her daughter later that afternoon. At first she'd thought that Lola would be home in time for lunch. Then she thought that maybe she'd met a friend downtown and had stopped in for a bite with him or her. Then she thought that maybe she'd gone to a movie or had decided to spend all of the \$60 she was carrying at the time and was still shopping. This would have been rare, since Lola had always been one of those sensible girls who shopped well and sparingly and who liked to save her money.

But still, Mrs. Celli figured, still a young girl back in the big city after a month. . . .

By 5 o'clock, however, the woman was definitely worried and when her husband, Michael, came home at 5:30 she was near tears.

Michael Celli tried to comfort his wife. Nothing was wrong, he told her. Lola would be back soon and everything would be all right.

But by 9 o'clock that night there was no sign of Lola and now all of the Cellis were worried. They phoned the police.

Within the next few hours, news of Lola's disappearance had spread throughout the neighborhood. And by midnight the first few of the hundreds of tips that were to pour into police headquarters during the next nine years were jotted down and investigated.

"I think the girl was kidnapped," a middle-aged woman told Chief Livingston that night. "I saw it, this afternoon. I was driving along Olentangy Boulevard (in the vicinity of the Celli home) and I passed a car in which a man and a woman were having a terrible fight. I'm sure now that he was trying to kidnap her."

Livingson asked the woman if she remembered anything about the car.

Yes, the woman said. It was a red Dodge coupe and its right front window was broken.

A little while later, a man phoned the chief. He said that he'd been walking along Olentangy that afternoon and "I saw a girl in a car who appeared to be struggling with a man, the driver."

Could he describe the car?

It was red, the man said. And one of its windows was broken.

"And later," the man said, "as I continued walking, I came across a red shoe lying in the gutter. I didn't pick it up. But I remember seeing it there and wondering about it."

Although the man led them back to the spot—and although a woman said that she, too, had seen a red shoe lying in the street at about that spot and at about that time that afternoon—the shoe was never found.

On the following morning, Sunday, Toledo newspapers gave the Lola Celli disappearance story front-page play. They ran a picture of the girl and described what she'd been wearing the last time she was seen—a gray fur coat, gray fur hat, aqua skirt with fawn red stripes and red shoes. She was five-feet-four and weighed 115 pounds.

The newspaper accounts mentioned the couple in the red Dodge and the red shoe that had been seen in the Olentangy Boulevard gutter.

One reader, an air force captain, phoned police headquarters at a few minutes after 10 o'clock. He'd just been reading about the case, he said. He had some information that he thought might be useful.

At about 11 o'clock the morning before, he said, he'd been driving along Olentangy River Road. At one point he was cruising directly behind a red Dodge coupe. He noticed that

the driver and a girl beside him were having an argument. With his free arm the driver had struck the girl with such force that she fell to her side, and her foot shot through the open window, wearing a red shoe.

"I didn't know what to make out of what was going on," the captain said. "Then, before I knew it, the Dodge turned east on Morse Road."

"You didn't follow it?"

"I couldn't," the captain said. "But I did check the license number and I wrote it on the back of a book of matches."

"Where is it?"

The captain confessed that he'd somehow lost the match book. But he did remember the prefix and some of the numerals on the license.

A three-week check was made of license numbers. Those approximating the numerals the captain had supplied were narrowed down to 85. All 85 cars were checked personally by officers throughout the state. None of them was a red Dodge coupe.

Later that Sunday, Lola's best and oldest friend told police about a phone conversation she'd had with the missing girl on Friday, a few hours after she'd gotten into town from West Mansfield.

"SHE sounded exactly like herself," the girl said. "Vivacious, happy, friendly. . . ."

Asked to recall exactly what was said by them over the phone, she gave this description:

Friend: "How are you, Lola?"

Lola: "Oh, I'm just fine."

Friend: "Did you know that Dr. Meli is back in Grant Hospital?"

Lola: "I knew that he was going back. He told me so when he left the hospital and went home three weeks ago."

Friend: "Are you going to visit him?"

Lola: "I wanted to, but I have so many things to do this weekend. I'm going to send him a card."

Friend: (after a little more talk about the sick doctor) "How are you getting along at school?"

Lola: "Oh, fine."

Friend: "You haven't answered my last letter. When are you going to?"

Lola: "I've been terribly busy. But I will answer it the first chance I have. Honest."

A few more questions about things in general, the girl said, and that was it. She repeated that the entire talk had been normal and friendly, that the only note of sadness was struck when they talked about the ailing Dr. Meli.

Did she think, the friend was asked, that there might have been any romantic interest between Lola and the doctor?

She shook her head. The two were friends, she said. They went to a few parties together, but it was never anything serious. "We confided in each other," she told the officers. "And Lola never mentioned any boyfriends to me. I believe if she had had one, she would have told me."

"Nothing really between her and Dr. Meli then?"

"No. I would have known."

A few hours after this talk between Lola's girlfriend and the police, a doctor was summoned into Dr. Anthony Meli's room at Grant Hospital. The young man's condition had taken a change for the worse. The doctor called for an oxygen tent. But before it arrived, Anthony Meli was dead.

The following day, Monday, Chief Living-



visioned the Cellis. He wanted to know everything about Lola—everything.

Lola, he learned, had been an ideal daughter, extremely devoted to her family. She had been a superior student in high school and college and had majored in languages. At one time, a little more than a year earlier, she had told her parents that she was thinking of putting her knowledge of languages to use, that she thought she might apply for a job as an interpreter with some branch of the government and get a free trip overseas. Her parents had advised her to try teaching. Just for a year, they'd told her. Then, if she still wanted to be an interpreter, she could.

Lola agreed to this. She was inclined to do whatever her people wanted her to, Livingston was told.

He advised the Cellis that a nation-wide alarm had been issued on Lola, that he hoped that he would have some word on her soon.

When he got back to his office Lola's roommate from West Mansfield, also a schoolteacher, was there waiting for him. The chief and the girl talked for more than two hours, but the only lead she was able to supply was that at one time Lola had mentioned that she was interested in applying for a job as interpreter with Pan American Airways. She didn't know whether Lola had ever followed up the idea.

Chief Livingston phoned Pan American that afternoon and during the course of the next week tried all of the leading airlines companies throughout the country. But none of them had ever heard of, or received any kind of application from an Ohio girl named Lola Cellis.

THE fact that Lola seemed so bent on becoming an interpreter—and, in all probability, on traveling, prompted the chief to ask the Cellis if there was any chance that Lola might have decided to take a trip. He asked the family if they had any relatives in Italy. They did. He was given the names of the cities and towns where both Mr. and Mrs. Cellis had relatives. Mr. Celli added that he had a brother living in Philadelphia. There was a remote possibility that if Lola had taken a trip of any sort she might stop there for a visit.

Mr. Celli's brother was called immediately. He said that he had neither seen nor heard from Lola, but that he would most certainly get in touch with his brother if he did.

A cable was sent to central police headquarters in Rome, Italy, requesting that orders be issued to police officials in the cities and towns where the Cellis had relatives to ask these people if they had seen or heard from their American cousin, Lola. Nothing ever came of this phase of the investigation.

Nothing came, either, of another investigation which was begun when a girlfriend of Lola's informed police that it was her belief that Lola, a devout Catholic, had gone off to a convent to study to become a nun. Leading clergymen in the Columbus diocese were approached, but informed police that Lola Cellis had not entered any of the local convents. They said, however, that they would get in touch with convents throughout the country with instructions that they be notified if a girl answering Lola's description ever appeared. One never did.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 4—11 days after Lola's disappearance—a telephone call came in for Chief Livingston.

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Zone \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

## It Came By Night

"Doctor, this is going to sound crazy, but I'm convinced my wife isn't my wife. The woman I'm living with looks like my wife, talks like her, even acts like her, but I know she isn't my wife."

## THE BODY SNATCHERS

by Jack Finney

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"Don't worry about Lola," a man's voice said. "She is in Columbus and is all right."

Then he hung up.

Livingston traced the call to a corner drug-store in downtown Columbus. He and two detectives rushed to the store. It was crowded and the two clerks on duty said they had no idea who had been using the pay phone in the rear within the past half hour.

The chief announced later that the call could have been the work of a crank. "You can't be sure, though," he said. "You can never be too sure."

That night the Grandview City Council met in the city hall. The main topic on the agenda was Lola Celli and what could be done about finding her. First the councilmen talked about the possibility of making an addition to the rewards already pledged towards a solution of the case (members of Columbus' Italo-American colony had given about \$500; the Franklin County Commissioners had posted \$100 for information leading to finding the girl).

The suggestion that the town hire a private detective was brought up. The discussion was lively and the adoption of the idea looked promising at first, but the city solicitor said that he did not recommend hiring private detectives at that point, that he had great confidence in the Grandview police department and in the way they had handled the case.

Three tips came in the next day, Wednesday, March 5. All of them sounded typically urgent.

The first was a phone call from a man who said: "I guess it's time I told you," he and Lola, he said, had gotten married the day she disappeared and that they were now living in the Hilltop, a suburb of Columbus. Police checked the address the man had given. There was no such address.

The second, another phone call, came from a man who said that Lola had married a young fellow and was living in Circleville, a town 25 miles south of Columbus. Lola's brother, Felice, who was at headquarters when this call came in, accompanied a detective to the address. A young woman opened the door. She had brown hair and brown eyes. She was about five feet four inches tall and weighed about 115 pounds. "But she wasn't Lola Celli."

THE last tip came from a woman who said that she'd been too frightened to say anything before, but that at about the time of the girl's disappearance she'd noticed a red car in the area of Twin Lakes, in nearby Delaware County, that the first time she'd noticed the car there had been a man and woman riding in it, that the second time she saw it—about an hour later—only the driver, the man, was in the car.

Officers from Grandview and Delaware and Franklin County sheriff's deputies immediately began to drag portions of the lake. But their search was fruitless and after a few days they gave up.

Early one morning in mid-April, nearly two months after the disappearance, Michael Celli arrived at police headquarters and announced that he thought he had just seen his daughter.

For some reason the incident was kept quiet for a few weeks. But a reporter eventually got word of what had happened and went to see Mr. Celli. The old man shook his head. "It was a hazy day," he said, sadly. "It was about 6:45 in the morning. I saw a girl in a

car that looked like Lola. I reported it to the police in an attempt to intensify the search for my daughter. I felt that the police had related their efforts."

"Now I know it wasn't Lola. I realized this a few days after I thought I had seen her. But, when you are looking so hard for someone, many people begin to look like that person."

A month later, on the night of May 20, Mr. Celli, his wife and their two remaining children announced that they were storing Lola's clothing in three large boxes and putting them away "so she'll find everything just as she left it when she comes back."

"I can't look at Lola's clothes any more," said Mrs. Celli, exhausted from worry and fear, and under a doctor's almost constant care. "She made most of them herself." Then she said, "God has blessed us, but this waiting is agony."

Said Mr. Celli as he fingered one of the girl's jackets: "We know that Lola would want us to take good care of her things. It is hard for us to see reminders of her. Packing them away will be better for all of us."

And so the three boxes went into a closet and the Cellis continued to wait and the police continued to work on the case.

In February of 1947, a year after the disappearance, a reporter from the Columbus *Citizen* visited the Cellis. They sat in the living room, the reporter on the bench of the piano Lola had once played. He addressed most of his questions to Felice, the missing girl's brother.

"Do you think it could have been suicide?" the reporter asked.

"No," Felice said. "Lola was a happy girl. Why would she commit suicide? If she'd committed suicide they would have found the body, wouldn't they?"

"Do you think she might have suffered amnesia?" the reporter asked. "The pressure of her studies and everything considered?"

"I don't believe that," Felice said. "People say now that Lola was a nervous girl. She wasn't. She was a lively girl, yes; but people who didn't really know her mistook her energy for nervousness."

"Could she have run away because of an argument she had had with the family?" the reporter asked next.

"I think we are an exceptional family," Felice said. "We never have had serious arguments. We bickered once in a while, just like any normal family. But Lola loved her home and her family, loved them very much..."

"Let's pretend that Lola did willingly run away," Felice went on to say. "Would she leave without enough money and dressed in her old clothes? Would she walk out without a suitcase? All of her clothes, except those she was wearing, were found here and at her room in West Mansfield."

"Could she have gone to stay with a relative, perhaps?" the reporter asked. "How about her uncle, the doctor in Philadelphia?"

"My uncle," Felice said, "has called us periodically and he has been terribly grieved over Lola's disappearance."

"Maybe," the reporter said, "maybe Lola accepted a ride in an automobile and was then kidnapped?"

Felice shook his head. "Lola wasn't the type to accept rides with someone she didn't know very well," he said. He shrugged.

"Yet," he said, "that seems to be the only reasonable theory. Maybe that did happen."

"If that did happen and Lola was murdered," the reporter said, gently, "where is the body? A body is difficult to hide."

"Yes, I agree," said Felice. "Yet what else can we think? God knows we want to believe that Lola is alive and well."

The next two years passed by slowly for the Cellis—and Chief Livingston's men. The tips, some of them from crackpots, but many well-meant, had slacked off to an average of one a month and people in Grandview who had shown tremendous interest in the case at the beginning shook their heads now and seemed to feel that the case would never be solved and that there would be no further developments.

They were wrong—or at least, partly wrong—because there were developments in the future which would bring hope back to the hearts of the Cellis and to the officers who had worked on the case.

ONE big development took place on May 6, 1949, a little more than three years after the disappearance. Three children, out playing in the woods bordering a part of Owsenbury River Road—along which the red Dodge coupe with the fighting couple had driven that February day back in 1946—came across a human skeleton and notified police. It was obvious to the officers who arrived on the scene that the skeleton was a woman's, and that it had been in the brush for quite a while, a number of years, perhaps. They shipped it off to Ohio State University where pathologists examined it carefully. It was a few days before their report was ready. The report was disappointing, as far as Grandview police were concerned. The body, the report stated, was definitely that of a woman who had been between the ages of 35 and 65.

In June, the following month, an excited middle-aged woman in Riverside, Cal., told a local detective that she had just heard about the Lola Celli case out in Ohio and thought her former husband might be implicated in the girl's disappearance. He had moved to Toledo shortly after their divorce, she said, and she intimated that he was just the kind of man who would get involved in something like this.

Riverside detectives phoned J. B. Keitz, Grandview's mayor. Mayor Keitz passed the information on to Chief Livingston who began an immediate investigation.

It was learned that the man was not living in Columbus, that his ex-wife really didn't know where he was, that every time she heard about any kind of crime anywhere in the country she immediately tied it up with her former husband in hopes of locating him. The reason? He had taken off with her baby son after their divorce and she was desperate to find the child.

The next false alarm came in August of 1950 when Felice Celli—30 years old now and an engineer with the Chemical Research Foundation of Ohio State University—was looking through a trade publication one morning and suddenly noticed a picture of a girl who, he said, "startlingly resembles my sister." The firm which used the picture operated in Dayton, some 50 miles from Columbus. A friend then investigated and found out that the picture had been taken in New York City, that it was of a girl who worked as secretary for a large New York firm.

Felice showed his father the picture that night. The old man looked at it, long and

hard. Then he said: "Tomorrow, Felice, you and I go to New York. I must see this girl."

They were in New York two mornings later. They got into a cab and gave the driver the address of a large office building in the downtown financial district. They were nervous as they walked into the building, as they asked an elevator starter where they could find the offices of the company they wanted.

"Finally, we were led into the office where the girl was sitting at a typewriter," Felice says. "We looked at her. We could see immediately that while she resembled Lola, she was much younger than Lola would be now. We looked . . . and then we left and, without saying much, we took a train back home."

Three-and-a-half years later, in January, 1953, a reporter from the Columbus Citizen drove out to the Celli residence for a talk with the family. The reporter reminded them that in less than a month Lola would have been missing for seven years, that the passing of seven years is sufficient time for Probate Court to declare the girl legally dead.

Felice Celli summed up the family's attitude to this by saying:

"If someone you love dies, you finally accept it. But this is different. We don't know whether Lola is dead or alive. It is something we live with always. . . ."

He added: "We miss Lola all the time. But our sadness deepens at Christmas. From then on we feel worse, because we know we soon must face another anniversary."

In the summer of that year—long after the seventh anniversary of Lola's disappearance had come and gone—Grandview Police Chief Livingston got what seemed to be a strong tip. It came by phone from a Columbus businessman in Chicago for a few days. The man phoned to say that he thought he'd just seen Lola Celli.

"HE told me he saw a woman he was sure was Lola leave the subway in the garment manufacturing district," the chief says. "He was so sure, he said, that he stayed in the city another day, just to go back and check again. He did, and this time when he saw her he was convinced he'd been right, that it was Lola."

That day, Chief Livingston took a train to Chicago and at 5 o'clock that afternoon he and the informant had dinner and planned their work for the next day.

At eight the following morning they stationed themselves at the subway entrance. At 8:35 the man spotted the woman whom he thought might be Lola. He had just begun to point her out to Livingston when she got lost in the rush of the early-morning crowds.

Livingston had an idea—to check every building and every office in the area. They started at 9 o'clock, looked around all that morning, took out a few minutes for lunch, began looking around again and, finally—at 7:10 p.m.—found the girl.

She sat at a machine, making aprons. She was about 30 years old, brown-haired and brown-eyed and very pretty.

Chief Livingston walked up to her and asked: "Are you Lola Celli?"

The girl looked at him for a moment, then over at a girl who sat at the machine next to hers.

The second girl smiled. "Whatever you want to ask her," she said, "you'll have to

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ask me first. This one's just over from Greece. She doesn't understand English yet."

Livingston looked back at the brown-haired girl. "Just tell her," he said, softly, "tell her I'm sorry for having interrupted her work."

Then he and the other man walked away.

It was on February 23, 1954—the eighth anniversary of Lola's disappearance and a little more than six months after the Chicago incident—when Chief Livingston heard from an elderly widower in East Columbus who insisted that he had seen Lola Cellis.

She had come around to his house that morning, the old man said, taking orders for silverware. The man had said no, he didn't want any silver, he told the chief; but he hadn't been able to stop staring at the young woman as she talked to him. He'd asked her if she'd like to step in out of the cold for a few minutes. She'd said yes, all right. They'd chatted for a while and, although he hadn't asked her her name, the old man had found out that she was married and that her husband was a captain in the air force.

The old man had continued to stare at her, he said, to try to figure out where he'd seen her before.

"And then I remembered," he told the chief. "She looked exactly like this Grandview girl who's been missing all these years, whose picture they run in the papers every once in a while . . . I didn't say anything to her about this fear she'd get frightened. But I inquired a little more and I found out that her husband is stationed at the Lockbourne Army Air Force base here. I thought you could take it from here."

Chief Livingston drove out to the base. He

talked with the air force provost marshal, explaining the case. The provost marshal said that he was sorry, but that any information about any of his officers was strictly confidential.

The chief spent the next few days trying to track down the young woman by contacting silverware order houses throughout the state. Finally, he hit on the right one. The manager there told him that the young woman who had been working East Columbus on February 23 was indeed the wife of an air force captain, that she was allegedly from Flint, Mich., that, as the chief was to say later, "she had a small oval face like Lola's, she had majored in Spanish at school, that—again like Lola—she weighed 115 to 120 pounds and was five-foot four-inches tall."

LIVINGSTON asked the manager to send him a sample of the young woman's handwriting. It arrived in the mail two days later. The chief got a sample of Lola's script from the Cellis and assigned a handwriting expert at the Ohio crime laboratory to compare them. The study of the scripts showed 12 points of comparison.

"I was very excited by this time," Chief Livingston says. "I thought it was time to check personally with this young lady now. I had her address and drove out to see her. I knocked on her front door and waited. The door opened after a minute or so.

"I got a violent start when I saw her. I jumped nearly two feet off the ground. I thought I had made it. I thought it was Lola.

"But then I talked to the young lady and gradually I realized that it wasn't Lola at all.

"It was strange. The young lady took it all as a big joke. But I could have cried."

The next year was the quietest of all the years which had preceded it—fewer tips, fewer leads, fewer hopes.

And at the end of that year, on Saturday, January 15, 1955, in a quiet room at White Cross Hospital, Michael Cellis—Lola's white-haired and prematurely-aged father, rushed there a few days earlier after suffering from a cerebral hemorrhage stroke—stared up at his family around him, then looked at the closed door to the room a few yards away, whispered something and closed his eyes and died.

Many people expected that Lola, if she were still alive, would come to her father's funeral.

They waited that morning in the funeral parlor and later that morning in the church during the solemn high requiem mass and, later, at the cemetery.

But as the priest intoned his last prayer over the old man's grave and the cemetery workmen stood by, waiting for the signal to lower the casket, it seemed obvious to everyone that Lola was not going to appear.

This February there was another anniversary of Lola's disappearance, and this was the most anguished of them. It seemed certain now that Lola was not coming back and that her family would never know what happened on that black Saturday in 1946. But for that family which has lived with this tragedy for so long, there was still hope. If Lola is alive, if she is able, she will come home some day.

And if she can't return maybe there is someone—some place—who knows why and who will tell this grieving family and relieve their torturing doubts.

## That Sweet Big City Sue

continued from page 47

The next night Ken Faulkner came by for a date. He nearly fell over when he saw Sue, she looked so lovely.

And Sue couldn't help feeling something warm inside. He was still boyishly handsome, still attractive—even though his thick shock of dark hair needed more careful combing and his brown suit, while all right for Stoddard County, certainly hadn't cost him any \$200, the price Jack always paid for his hand-tailored jobs.

Ken felt proud as a peacock as he gave Sue his hand and led her to his car. It was a new Chevrolet. "Dad got it last month," he said. "Sure drives swell."

Sue thought about Jack's fancy Cadillac. "It's real nice, Ken," she said.

Ken had a rough time keeping up his end of the conversation. Sue's talk was all about places he'd never heard of, a kind of life he didn't know anything about. All of the things he'd rehearsed to say couldn't seem to come out now. He'd planned to keep Sue to himself that evening, but he decided now to drive out to a roadhouse where he knew some friends would be.

After a few drinks, and with some of his pals and their dates helping carry the conversation, Ken's clumsiness vanished. He held Sue close when they danced and told her how beautiful she looked, how much he had thought about her, missed her.

He thought he was making out great—until

Sue tilted her head back a little at one point and said, "Ken, how come you're not married yet. I was sure one of these country girls would have nailed you by this time."

Back at the table a little while later, Ken noticed that Sue downed bourbon and water as easily as she used to drink soda. And she was the only girl at the table who smoked.

The other girls all managed to ask her about Detroit, and Sue's eyes lit up as she talked about life in the big city.

One of the girls said: "Well, it sounds like fun. But you'll probably get tired of it and come back to Stoddard County for good some day."

Sue threw her a cold look: "I wouldn't count on that," she said.

"YOU used to love it here," Ken told her in the car later, as they pulled away from the roadhouse. "Remember all the fun we had at the dances; the times we used to drive out to the river? Everybody likes you around here, Sue. You've got a lot of friends, real friends. I was hoping you came home to stay, and then maybe we could . . ."

"I've got friends in Detroit, too," she said, cutting him off.

"Anybody special?" Ken found himself asking.

Suddenly, Sue snuggled closer to him, and ran a finger across the nape of his neck. "No body special," she said, very softly.

Ken stopped the car. Now, finally, all of the things he had rehearsed that day came out. He told Sue how much he loved her, how he was fixed up now so he could afford to marry, how much he wanted to marry her.

He kissed her. Then he kissed her again. "You really haven't changed, Sue," he said. "I was afraid for a while . . . but you haven't changed."

"You're sweet, Ken," Sue said, drawing back a little. "But I've tried to make you understand. This isn't for me down here. I'm going back to Detroit day after tomorrow."

"I'll be waiting for you," Ken said. "I think you'll be coming back."

Two mornings later, Sue's folks drove her to Bernie. Ken was at the station. He took hold of her hand, wished her a pleasant trip and asked her to write.

Sue nodded and said she would. Then she got on the train and, somehow, she never did show up at the window to wave goodbye.

The months passed slowly for Ken Faulkner. He got no answers to the letters he'd sent to Sue in Detroit. Finally, at Christmas time, he decided that if he sent her a present she would almost have to write. He wondered what she wanted the most.

He didn't know that at that moment in Detroit the only thing Sue seemed to want was protection. She was in the office of Assistant Prosecutor Albert A. Goldfarb. She



and shrugging her awake. He had not only found her room, even though she had registered under an assumed name, but he had managed to get a key.

Sue could have gotten off without any bruises that time if she'd played it differently. But she'd made up her mind that she wasn't having any of Jack Fera and she fought his advances like a wildcat. Fera began to pummel her wildly, her face, her body, all over.

The next day she tearfully described the beating to Assistant Prosecutor Goldfarb.

It all came back to Sue as she talked it over that night with Blanche. "He thinks he owes me . . . all thought and paid for," she said.

"Just keep away from him, and maybe he'll get over it," Blanche said. "But keep away from him."

This would probably have held true for most men. But not Jack Fera. He tried everything to find Sue, to get her back. He cruised the streets in his Cadillac, hung around her office, the club, places Sue was known to frequent.

When he couldn't make it to the office building, he phoned. Sue refused to talk to him. He called other girls working in the office, telling them to talk to Sue Myers for him. He even had friends of his call Sue, suggesting the "start being sweet to Jack again."

After a while, the tone of these calls changed—from suggestions to demands. Jack Fera was determined to win back the beautiful, hack-country jewel that he had polished to big-city perfection.

Sue, meanwhile, called the police three times after she'd had Fera placed under the peace bond.

Each time he was brought into headquarters, he showed more hills for clothing he said Sue had continued to buy and charge to his account.

He was warned to stay away from her.

Sue kept changing hotels, moving about like a frightened jackrabbit. She was getting to realize that the big city she'd once loved and wanted so much wasn't big enough to hide in now. Every time she thought she'd found a place where Fera couldn't possibly find her, she'd receive a box of flowers with a card which would merely say: "Jack." And that's all it had to say. It got Fera's message across. He knew where she was and he wanted her back.

All Sue could think of doing was running. She knew that there could be no halfway measures with Jack Fera. She couldn't plead with him, reason with him to leave her alone. Not with Jack.

All she could do was run, run.

On January 20, 1955, a Thursday, Sue didn't show up for work, didn't call in. Her friend, Blanche, phoned her hotel room, but there was no answer.

"Maybe she left town," one of the girls at the office told Blanche. "I wonder why she didn't do it before."

Blanche shook her head. "She wouldn't leave without telling me," she said. "And besides, I talked to her over the phone at 1 o'clock this morning. If she had any plans for leaving today, she surely would have told me. I've been calling her late at night to make sure everything's okay."

**T**HE maid at the Adams Street hotel where Sue lived got around to the girl's room at 2 o'clock that afternoon. She opened the door, stared and screamed.

There were two dead people lying on the floor in the middle of the room.

Inspector Edward Reilly, head of Detroit's homicide bureau, and Detective Sergeant Martin Blank and Detective Walter Stapleton were first to answer the hotel manager's call.

The maid and the manager identified the

dead woman as the one who occupied the room. Identification cards in her purse identified her as Sue Marie Myers. Sue had registered under a different name a few nights earlier. Employees from the drug company office later made the identification positive.

The officers didn't need any help in identifying the man. They had known Jack Fera well.

Both Sue and Fera lay on their backs. Six inches from Sue's head was a .45-caliber automatic pistol.

On a nearby table sat a vase with two dozen red and pink roses.

An empty whisky bottle was on the telephone stand.

"He didn't die broke," a detective said as he examined Fera's wallet. There were five \$100 bills along with some tens and twenties.

The coroner made a preliminary examination at the scene. "Both the man and the woman were shot in the chest," he said.

He theorized from the position of Sue's body that she'd been sitting in an easy chair when she'd been shot, that she'd gotten up, then fallen to the floor.

Fera's death had been somewhat more complicated. His coat, found on the bed, had a bullet hole in the side. His wrists had been cut, and a bloody razor was found in the bathroom.

The coroner estimated the couple had been dead close to 12 hours.

After talking to Assistant Prosecutor Goldfarb and Blanche Redmond, Sue's friend, Inspector Reilly placed the scene together.

"Fera must have come determined to win her back, or kill her and himself," he said. "He must have come in a few minutes after the girl talked to her girlfriend on the phone last night. He's got two dozen roses, a bottle of whisky, a loaded .45, and one thing on his mind—her!"

"They went through the whisky, talking it over. The bottle ran dry and he was still nowhere."

"He shot her while she was sitting in the chair. Then he turned the gun on himself, but the bullet went through his coat and missed him. He's still determined and he'd got a smooch of whisky in him. So he goes into the bathroom and cuts his wrists. Maybe that was too slow for him. So he took off his coat and shot himself in the chest."

The room was photographed and the bodies taken away.

Then the maid cleaned up the place, and 24 roses and an empty whisky bottle went tumbling into a waste can.

The homicide report was completed when police traced registration of the automatic to Fera. Verdicts of murder and suicide were returned, and the case was marked closed.

Back in Bernie, Mo., a few days later, the train slowed down and made one of its rare stops. A coffin was carried out of the baggage car. A hearse and a few red-eyed people were waiting for it.

A short distance down the track a lanky young man named Ken, with a thick shock of dark hair, stood alone, a lump crowding at his throat and tears crowding his eyes.

Sue Marie Myers had come home to stay.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The names Ken Faulkner and Blanche Redmond are not the actual names of the persons who were in fact participants in the incidents described in this article. The names are used to add embarrassment to these innocent persons.



"A funny thing happened to me on my way home from work . . ."



her own business and certainly not his. Kuski went up to his room, got a slide action pump rifle and loaded it with high-power shells.

He returned to the downstairs apartment. Adeline was in the living room. He asked her again if she intended going out with someone else. When she said yes, he started shooting. He shot her several times, he said. She ran a few feet, then collapsed.

Karen, he went on, was screaming by this time. He aimed the rifle at her and shot her twice.

He then placed the stock of the rifle on the floor and stuck the muzzle at his mouth, he said. He pulled the trigger. The bullet tore into his mouth, but was deflected by an upper plate and lodged in his cheek.

He lay on the floor for a while, bleeding. Then, he said, he shot himself again, but his aim was off and the bullet grazed his chin.

Kuski was somewhat hazy about what had happened right after that. The next thing he remembered he was in his car, stopping alongside the two highway officers.

After the confession was signed, the man in Green Bay was released—even though he admitted he had left the tavern without paying for his cabin, and the guard on Joe Boswood's house was called off.

The next day, Kuski was able to talk better and filled in a few more details.

**H**HE SAID he had been arguing with Adeline for some time about her going out with other men, that Sunday night he'd asked: "What have I ever done to you that you don't like me?"

Adeline told him that he had done nothing, that it was simply that she couldn't ever feel romantic towards him. That's when he'd gotten the gun, he said now.

"Are you sorry you did it?" Sheriff Reed asked him.

"I'm sorry I didn't kill myself," Kuski said, bowing his head.

Ed Kuski was charged with two charges of first-degree murder the following day. He entered guilty pleas to both charges and was bound over to circuit court.

A doctor examined Kuski again that night and said there was danger of infections setting into his mouth. Kuski was returned to the hospital where a heavy guard was placed on his room.

On February 8, Circuit Judge Arold F. Murphy sentenced Kuski to life imprisonment.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The name Joe Boswood is not the actual name of the person who was in fact a participant in the incidents described in this article. The name is used to avoid embarrassment to this innocent person.

## Long Voyage Home

continued from page 55

do with you? What's the matter with you?"

"It's the booze," whispered Jake, wiping the spittle from his chin with a trembling hand. "I can't stay away from it."

There wasn't much the judge could do. Chicago has no institution for the cure and rehabilitation of such alcoholics. It would be no use to levy a fine, for the defendant's pockets were empty. A sentence could be imposed, of course. But the ancient House of Correction was so crowded already that it hardly had space for the vicious criminals there at the moment.

"Please, your honor," begged Jake. "Send me up for a stretch. Maybe it'll straighten me out. Maybe..."

"Yes, maybe," agreed the judge. "But please try to get hold of yourself. No one can do much for you if you're unable or unwilling to cooperate."

Old Jake was led to the bullpen to await the van which would take him to jail for a 30-day stay and a strapping young fellow with dark circles under his eyes took his place before the bench.

"Third arrest in 90 days," intoned Policeman Hennessy. "Drunk, lying in an alley, in danger of freezing to death."

"You saw the wreck ahead of you, didn't you?" asked the judge. "That's what Skid Row does. Don't you think you should start leading a sober life?"

"I'll try, I'll try," mumbled the defendant, his eyes downcast.

"What will you do if I let you go?"

The man looked up hopefully. "Clean up and look for a job."

"I'll discharge you then," Judge Feldman said. "But if you're back within 30 days, I'll deal harshly with you. Understand?"

By the time the case of William G. Wood was called, the bullpen contained 25 prisoners consigned to the House of Correction—or the Bridewell, as it's commonly known. This was in excess of the usual quota. If the judge sentenced many more, the warden would have to stack them like cordwood in the overcrowded cells. So Wood's chances of escaping a jail term seemed pretty good.

When Wood stepped forward, Policeman

Hennessy recognized him. "Arrested nine or ten times for disorderly conduct and drunkenness, but not lately," he told the court. "Served two Bridewell terms. The charge now: Loitering on a public sidewalk."

Judge Feldman asked Wood to hold up his right hand. He noticed the hand was unusually steady.

"Not in bad shape for a man of 65," he said. "Are you working?"

"No. I'm on old-age pension," Wood said.

"Have you a place to stay?"

"Yes. A flophouse room. And the rent's paid for a few more nights."

"Discharged," Feldman ruled.

Just one hour later, as Wood walked through Skid Row, the druid cry, "Here comes the Meat Wagon!" sounded again. The sidewalk became a ferment. The loungers and shambling hobos galvanized into frenzied activity, limping, staggering or running away, depending upon their condition. But Wood's bearing did was turned off and he didn't catch the warning yell. He was grabbed by an advance unit and put in the police patrol which was following close behind.

"I was just turned loose by Judge Feldman," he told his captors. "I haven't done anything."

"Get in the wagon," he was ordered.

He realized the futility of objecting further and did as he was told.

"Oh, ah," he moaned, "the judge is sure to throw the book at me when he sees me for the second time in one day."

**T**HE court wasn't in session, however, and Wood was locked up again in a jammed cell to await arraignment the following morning. When he finally came before the bench, Policeman's Hennessy's eyes widened. "I didn't expect you to reform," Hennessy said, "but I didn't expect you back this quickly."

Judge Feldman gave Wood a searching look and shook his head.

"Judge, I appeal to you for justice," Wood said, his eyes flashing and his shoulders squared. "I am innocent of wrongdoing and you must listen to my story. On other occasions, I admit, I was deserving of arrest.

But this time it was completely unmerited."

With an exception which held the courtroom crowd spellbound, he told Judge Feldman what had happened. Logically and convincingly, he contended that the police, and not he, had broken the law—violated it by making an unjustifiable pickup. He fluently cited high court decisions to support his stand.

The young city prosecutor was stammered by the mastery of law and consummate courtroom artistry of this seedy-looking, unshaven stranger from Skid Row. Behind Wood's back, a policeman murmured in amazement: "He's better'n a gambler's mouthpiece."

"I believe you," said the judge when Wood concluded. "Discharged."

There was a burst of applause from the other defendants as Wood walked out.

In most of Skid Row's 225 dingy haunts, the golden-tongued William G. Wood was the subject of all talk that night. The topic was especially interesting to the men who lived in the same Madison Street flophouse as Wood did and who congregated in a saloon next door to it.

They commented on the fact that Wood belonged to the conservative stratum of Skid Row society, which consisted mainly of well-behaved pensioners; that he spent most of his evenings reading in his \$4.50-a-week room or watching television in the shabby lobby of his flophouse; that at times, however, he kicked over the traces and did some roistering, as evidenced by the two stretches he'd served in the Bridewell and his 12 arrests in three and a half years.

"He acts as if there's a big secret in his past," said one hobo. "From the way he talks I got the idea he was important people once—a movie producer maybe, or a bishop or a Congressman."

"I think I have him pegged," cried out a character known as Bowersy Bob. "He looks like a judge I was before in New York long, long ago. Crater—Joseph Crater, that was his name. He disappeared 25 years, and there were headlines about it for months. But they never found him."

"Must be a reward for locating him," someone suggested.



"I'll soon find out," said Bowery Bob. He went over to a telephone, called a newspaper and inquired about the matter. He returned to report that he had been told no record of a reward was in the files.

"Anyhow, I wouldn't turn stool pigeon," he declared virtuously. "On Skid Row we got to stick together."

His drinking companions hooted, for Bob was known as a vulture so avaricious that he would steal the shroud off a dead man, rip it into small squares and peddle the pieces as handkerchiefs.

It was pleasant that evening in the saloon as the subject of William G. Wood was avidly discussed. Warmed by wine, the beaten, ragged, unkempt, ill-smelling, unwashed old men shed their loneliness and fear of life. But it was only for a few bright hours. After the place closed, they slunk into the cheerless, cold world again. Their synthetic gaiety vanished, their shoulders sagged and their feet became heavy as once more the jolting realization hit them that they were friendless, alone, unwanted, unloved and useless.

These people are the Living Dead. Society has scratched them off its rolls. The usual end for such men is death in a cheap flophouse, charity hospital or gutter. Eventually the bodies are buried in potter's field or dissected in some hospital lab for the benefit of young doctors. Yet locked in the hearts of many of these stooped, beaten nonentities are stories which would have delighted O Henry or Jack London.

**T**AKE for example the white-haired, bearded man who lived for years on slops from garbage pails. He was the most wretched of the wretched. All self respect had vanished. After he died in a flophouse, several oil paintings were found in a newspaper-wrapped parcel beneath his wire bed.

Police concluded that the hobo had stolen them. Art experts recognized the works as those of a famed painter who had disappeared years before after being disappointed in love. Members of the missing man's family viewed the corpse and recognized it as that of their kin. Potter's field was cheated and he was given a decent burial.

One of the mangiest of bums was a fellow called The Banker. When drunk he used to sigh: "I haven't the price of another shot, but once I handled millions." His pals would try to top his story. They'd lie, but there was no harm in it; they were playing a game to pass the time away. And they thought that The Banker, too, was just playing their game.

One day, two well-dressed strangers cornered The Banker in his favorite drinking dive.

"Go away," he snarled impatiently. "Can't you see I'm busy?" One of the visitors said: "But we got good news. They've found your old trunk."

"Scram," The Banker roared. "You bother me."

The pair, waving their arms and talking at once, managed to get across to The Banker that he was rich, that the trunk had contained securities worth \$120,000, that an investment he'd made in supposedly wildcat gold mining stock in his younger days—before he'd broken up with his wife, started boozing and become a bum—had just paid off.

The Banker finally believed the story, borrowed \$20 from the two men, bought drinks

for all his pals and left Skid Row forever. And there was the old bum, James Kelley, the "Miser of Madison Street." He lived in a 10-cent-a-day flophouse and smoked cigars garnered from the gutters. When he died, \$150,000 in gilt-edged securities and hard cash were discovered in his safe-deposit box. Scores of relatives, who wouldn't have given him a ham sandwich while he was alive, put in claims for shares of the fortune he'd amassed through prudent investments years before when he was a mail carrier.

Just recently, Sam Gelle, a rag picker, died in Chicago. On his deathbed he wrote a will naming as his heir a charwoman with whom he'd become acquainted when she gave him a dime and a few encouraging words. His pals thought she'd get nothing more than a couple of old rags. But when they went through his pockets, they were amazed to come across bankbooks showing he was worth close to \$50,000.

With such legend-like tales known to all Skid Row, it wasn't strange that many wild stories about William G. Wood's background spread through the area after his courtroom soliloquy had made him a star.

On the morning after his victory before Judge Feldman, Wood was trailed from his flophouse by some of his friends, who had concocted a scheme to determine whether he was Joseph Crater, the long-missing New York jurist.

Standing a few feet behind Wood, one of them yelled: "Hey, Judge Crater!"

But Wood paid no heed and kept on his way.

"Couldn't be Crater," decided the hobo who'd called. "If he were, he'd spin around when you called."

"Hell, he didn't even hear you," said another man. "He didn't have his hearing aid on."

There was, meanwhile, someone else checking on Wood's background—Judge Feldman. The judge began his investigation after Wood made his dramatic and successful plea for freedom. The judge was in for a surprise when he learned who Wood was—or, rather, who he had been.

The following morning, Wood, unaware of the stir he'd created, walked briskly toward a small restaurant for breakfast. He met a casual acquaintance who told him that the Meat Wagon had just snared a big lead.

"They round us up like dog-catchers corraling curs," the friend lamented. "There's nobody on our side."

This phrase stuck in Wood's mind: "Nobody on our side." It seemed to echo and reecho in his brain. He knew that it wasn't entirely true, that there were some well-meaning organizations and persons endeavoring to help, organizations like the Salvation Army and similar groups. But their aid wasn't the kind the man had wanted. He meant that there was no one to speak up for Skid Row men in court, no one to defend them, no one in there swinging for them.

Wood wondered whether some of his friends were among those raked up by the Meat Wagon that morning. They might be inarticulate and in need of a spokesman. Perhaps he could serve in that capacity. Judge Feldman had seemed like a reasonable man.

He felt the judge would listen to him. Forgetting his empty stomach, he hastened to the Monroe Street Court and inspected the prisoners awaiting arraignment. But there

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## ANSWERS TO HEADQUARTERS LINEUP

(Quits on page 71)

1 (b) To the successful professional criminal, the average prisoner is a bum—a failure. From the highest viewpoint, the prisoner never learned his trade—where and how to operate under political protection, living instead hand-to-mouth without full money for a bribe or to buy legal brains. To the polished professional criminal who copies the clothes and manners of gentlemen in cafe society, jail is a disgrace and the average prisoner a poor relation definitely beneath him.

2 (b) The fact is that the U. S. crime rate per 100,000 citizens is higher than Italy's, the worst in Europe, and ten times higher than in Scandinavian countries, with the lowest crime rate.

3 Joseph Medley.

4 (a) Blackmailing is going on all around us; but we don't hear of it. It may be a bank embezzler, not caught yet, who is paying off to a fellow employee who has found him out. The bodger game—where the "husband" discovers his "wife" in a compromising situation with the victim and accepts money not to tell the police or the victim's wife—is pulled every weekend all over the country.

5 (b) Thousands of poor people today make regular small weekly installment payments to extortioners and blackmailers. When the victims can't raise money, the blackmailers sometimes may allow his tribute to be paid off in some other way.

6 (b) If anyone ever tries to blackmail you, don't think twice; report it to your police department right away.

7 (a) The Mann Act no more put an end to interstate traffic in women than the Harrison Act ended underworld traffic in narcotics or the Volstead Act made the country dry. From the beginning in 1910, continuing through today, the Mann Act, like the Harrison and Volstead Acts, paved the way for a racket—in this case, blackmail.

8 (a) Anybody accused of a serious crime has every legal right to a trial by jury no matter what the circumstances.

9 (b) No police officer—local, state or federal—has the right to force his way into anybody's home, search there, take anything away unless he has a special court warrant stating the particular place to be searched and the person or thing he is after.

10 (b) The vast majority of drug addicts are harmless as far as society is concerned. The wealthy ones rarely disturb the peace; they can afford to take care of themselves. It's the addicts who lack funds for narcotics who are picked up for petty thievery or disorderly conduct. Drug addicts present a public problem not because they are uninhibited criminals but because they represent such a shameful waste of human resources and taxpayers' money taking care of them.

were no familiar faces in the line. Wood was turning to leave when Judge Feldman caught sight of him, summoned him to his chambers and invited him to take a seat.

"Have a cigar," the judge said. "No, thanks," Wood pulled out his battered pipe. "I prefer this, if you don't mind."

The judge watched Wood light the pipe. Then he cleared his throat and said: "I've been thinking it over and I want you to assist me."

Wood sat forward in his chair. "I'm new in this court," the judge went on, "and feel the need of someone who has an intimate knowledge of the problems of Skid Row criminals. I'm offering you a job—to sit with me as a consultant or unofficial assistant judge."

For a moment Wood was too flabbergasted to speak. Then he asked, haltingly: "You want me—a man who's been in here on drunkenness and other charges 12 times—to sit with you?"

Judge Feldman nodded. "Yes. But of course you'll have to change your habits a little." He grinned. "It wouldn't do for an assistant judge to carouse on Madison Street or be in the morning lineup."

Still in a daze, Wood asked: "How—how in the world did you ever decide I was fitted for such a position?"

Judge Feldman explained that when Wood pleaded his own case before him he noticed how facilities he had handled the legal terms. "So I asked some questions," Feldman went on. "I learned that you have an excellent family background and were once a highly successful attorney and a distinguished teacher of law. I talked to many of your former pupils—some of them judges now—and they told me you have a brilliant legal mind."

Wood, the son of well-to-do parents, was raised in luxury on Chicago's Gold Coast. He was an outstanding student and earned degrees at Northwestern University and the Chicago Kent College of Law.

His father was a prominent Loop attorney and the son worked in his office for a time and then took a position on the legal staff of the Chicago Rapid Transit Company, which operated the city's elevated lines.

After service in the navy as an ensign in World War I, Wood taught the subject of contracts in night classes at Kent.

He married a charming school teacher and they had two children—a boy and a girl. He enjoyed teaching, was happy with his daytime work at the transit company and loved his family.

Then, in 1934, Wood began drinking—just a few old-fashioned ones each day at first to relieve the tension of his heavy schedule of work. Soon, however, he became a barroom fixture.

Here is the story Wood himself told to Judge Feldman and others of his descent into Skid Row:

As a result of his drinking, his work suffered and his superiors pleaded with him to straighten out. When no improvement in his conduct was forthcoming, he was fired from both the college faculty and the transit company legal staff. His frantic wife and his minister did everything they could to induce him to stay sober. But they failed.

There was a separation and then a divorce, with Mrs. Wood winning custody of the two small children. After that, Wood held a series of small-time, for him, jobs—WPA researcher, state unemployment office worker,

bookkeeper and law clerk. But he lost them all, either because of drunkenness or his troubles with police.

He moved to Skid Row three-and-a-half years ago, where one could rent a flophouse bed for a few dimes a night. He began drinking wine, sold in that area for 35¢ a pint, as his wallet thinned. When he couldn't find employment, he went on relief, getting just enough to keep body and soul together.

The Illinois state relief officials take no chances with Madison Street clients. If given cash, a man might spend it for booze. So the relief consists of an order on any of a number of hotels for 30 days' lodgings and an order on a restaurant for meals for the same period.

The rooms and meals aren't sumptuous, you can be sure; it's a rule that relief for a month must not cost more than \$50. Divide that by 30 and you have \$1.65 a day for food and rent.

THERE are no extras. Nothing for carfare needed for job hunting. Nothing for clothes necessary to present a respectable appearance to prospective employers. Nothing for laundry. Nothing for soap, which the flophouses do not provide. Nothing for toothpaste or razor blades.

However, Wood now and then did manage to secure odd jobs, including window washing and kitchen work in a country club, at which he earned enough to buy bare necessities—and wine.

When he reached the age of 65 recently, he became eligible for a federal old-age pension. Based on previous earnings, the pension amounted to \$53.10 per month. But as soon as he began getting the checks, the relief administration took him off its rolls. He tried to live within a budget of \$1.77 a day. It wasn't easy.

And now, knowing his past, Judge Feldman was giving him a chance to stage a comeback.

The desire to return to sobriety and constructive living was strong within Wood. The best part of it all was that he was being offered an opportunity to help the vagrants of Skid Row, men who badly needed help.

He had one jarring fear, however: Would he be able to keep away from booze and merit Judge Feldman's trust?

As though reading Wood's thoughts, the judge said: "I know you'll be able to do it."

Wood put out his hand. "It's a deal."

"And now about salary," began Judge Feldman.

"Forget it," Wood said. "I'm on old-age pension. If I earn more than \$100 a month, I'll be cut off from it."

The judge considered the matter. "I sit here in court about three hours a day, five days a week. I'll pay you \$5 a session. We'll keep your monthly salary just under \$100. In that way your pension won't be jeopardized."

And so, a few minutes later, on January 20, 1955, Judge Feldman led the way into court and gave Wood a seat beside him on the bench. Through the crowded room swept excited comment as police officers and Skid Row characters recognized Wood. The halliapp rapped with his gavel to bring order.

The first defendant came forward. He gave his name as Sunny Smith and launched into a long, involved and confused story of his troubles. Another judge would have cut him short and sentenced him to the Bridewell.



and made agencies and he won them with mink wraps, caviar and keys to his home. When he found one brace of beauties to his liking, he supplied it with house keys. When he changed braces, he changed locks and the beauties who had fallen out of favor found themselves with keys to nowhere. This kept the neighborhood locksmith in the black, but it provided a massive headache for Inspector Edward Feeley who, when placed in charge of the investigation after the murder, tried to narrow down the list of persons who'd had access to the house.

Feeley was not completely aware of his monumental task until the day Serge was hurried. It was then that Serge's mother revealed that an unknown woman in brown had been wandering unchallenged around the house at the approximate hour of the murder. Mrs. Rubinstein had seen her pattering along one of the lower floors of the five-story mansion. And Serge's aunt, who was asleep on the top floor, had been awakened by what she assumed to be this same girl in brown in the early hours of that morning. Both women were found to have been slightly mistaken about the time and the woman was dismissed as (a) an ambulance attendant and (b) the butler—but not before New Yorkers had been introduced in print to a way of life that countenanced without question the 4 A.M. perambulations of beautiful strangers throughout the five floors of a not-so-well-ordered house.

Serge's free hand with his women was evidenced everywhere after the law moved into 814 Fifth. Drawers full of costume jewelry and more intimate items of apparel were found along with some women's gowns and a lady's black purse. Each time a new item of feminine finery appeared, a new owner appeared to claim it. There were red heads, blondes, brunettes and brownettes, and each new claimant had a new explanation for how her possessions came to be in Serge's home. The most popular one was that the girls had changed clothes there for one of the costume balls of which he was so fond. Balls pleased him mightily because, he waltzed beautifully. Costume balls sent him into near raptures because then he could go dressed as Napoleon. He fancied a strong likeness in himself to the Little Giant.

Serge confined his tilts at Napoleon, however, to the fancy dress parties. Off the dance floor he was more given to the bolder and crueler manifestations of a Stalin. He was said to have kept a card index in his room with the names of every person he intended to ruin either financially or through character assassination.

A man of this stripe was not likely to win friends—and Serge was described as a fellow who made a fast enemy. But there were some who thought Rubinstein capable of occasional remorse. It was recalled that once he had spotted one of his "fastest enemies" in a nightclub while winning one of his loves. He signaled for a waiter and ordered a bottle of champagne to be sent to the gentleman with his compliments. The bottle was returned with the terse comment: "I prefer seltzer."

Serge himself was a champagne man with a champagne purse and when a glass of the bubbly began to pall he had ways of buying back the sparkle. One of his favorite concoctions was known as a Coupe Rendezvous Recipe: strawberries, sugar, brandy, Grand Marnier and a split of champagne. Price: \$4.50.

But he was not a heavy drinker and had a

reputation in night spots as a quiet, well-behaved guest who was quick to pick up the tab for as many as from 25 to 50 persons and was a heavy tipper. On one occasion he was said to have quarreled over change brought him for a \$20 bill, insisting he had given the waiter \$50. Since the waiter was an old timer with a good record for honesty and efficiency, the captain was baffled.

"How can you be sure you gave this man \$50?" the captain asked Rubinstein.

"Because I carry only \$50s," Serge replied.

Quarrels in restaurants were foreign to him as a rule, however, and he conducted himself in the manner of a gentleman, although he was capable of staggering breaches of etiquette in his own home.

Rubinstein's inamorata of the moment sometimes tried to explain his offensive behavior by claiming he suffered from an inferiority complex. Serge himself had suspected this at an early age and had asked as a gift on his fifteenth birthday that he be psychoanalyzed by the well-known Viennese psychoanalyst, Alfred Adler. His wish was granted and Serge set off to overcome his complex. But when Adler explained he could rid him of his complex but that Serge would be then just an ordinary individual, the young Rubinstein picked up his gloves, shook Adler's hand and said thanks, but no thanks.

If actually he did suffer from an inferiority complex, he allowed it to be dealt several quaking blows during his 46-year life span. There seemed to be a staggering number of persons who thought Serge would be more acceptable dead than alive. Even one of his early partners, a man who had suffered severe financial reverses at the hands of the boy wonder, came within an ace of extinguishing Serge. The man was so appalled at Rubinstein's vicious near-maniacal laughter one day when it was revealed that Serge had again dealt a blow to the money-belt punch, that he picked up a water cooler and was about to smash it down on Rubinstein's head when the bowl was forcibly knocked from his hand and rolled harmlessly along the floor. Rubinstein just laughed.

AND he laughed again in '54 when a rock was thrown through the window of his home with a note attached to it advising the bulky boy that dire consequences were meted out to men who did not pay their debts. After this threat, police volunteered the services of a bodyguard, but Serge shrugged off the offer.

And later, when he was accosted in Central Park by a man who indicated he was after something more than a light for his cigarette, Serge again rejected the suggestion of a bodyguard, although it was learned he did hire a private protector.

He consorted with villains and extorted with finesse, making free use of illegal recordings and wire taps to extract payment from black-mail victims. His recourse to the taped word was not limited to his nefarious financial double deals. If he questioned the fidelity of one of his girlfriends, he had been known to wire her bed for sound and later to play back the recordings for her to hear. Many girls might object to this uncouth invasion of privacy, but Serge's women were a breed unto themselves and with the exception of a momentary temper flare-up none of them was known to bear him malice for his uninvited attendance (via recorder) in their boudoirs.

In August, 1954, Serge, who had served time in prison, who had been indicted for stock

fraud, mail fraud and violation of the Securities Acts and who, because of his odorous business practices had been in and out of more courts than Louis XIV, found the shoe on the other foot and only slightly less comfortable. It was he who was bringing charges. He had been the intended victim of an extortion plot, a demand for \$555,000 made by a trio of men headed by Emanuel Lester.

Lester, who claimed the demand was for money owed him, was, at the time of Rubinstein's murder, out on \$30,000 bail. But, fortunately, 3,000 miles separated him from any personal connection with the crime. He was on the West Coast and when informed by phone of Rubinstein's death could only stutter: "I don't believe it."

There were a great many other people who were incredulous at the time and method of Rubinstein's passing. But on the morning of January 27 the facts were there and the butler's phone call to the police soon established that the account of Serge Rubinstein's death had not been exaggerated.

Top, middle and lower echelon brass responded to the phone call to the Sixty-seventh Street police precinct. The list was headed by Police Commissioner Adams and included Deputy Chief Inspector Feeley, later placed in charge of the investigation, and Chief Medical Examiner Milton Helpert. The completed autopsy report did not come in until 6 o'clock that evening when it was established that Rubinstein had died as the result of manual strangulation. This came as a surprise to some who had seen the large hands of surgical talent that bound his mouth and who had noticed the strands of cord that bound his wrists and ankles. There was early speculation that he had been asphyxiated by the tape or that the binding of his wrists and ankles had been necessary to prevent his escape. But apparently Rubinstein had been dead of strangulation before he was bound.

The household servants were questioned, but could recall nothing remiss on the night Serge was done in. But Serge's mother remembered hearing angry male voices sometime between the time she retired (after returning from the opera) and the time the body was found at 5:30. Time of the murder was established as approximately 3 A.M. and it was believed that the killers had gained access to the victim's bedroom between the hours of 1:45, when he returned from his night prowling, and three. Voices had been raised in anger at Serge since the day he was old enough to assert himself and it wasn't going to be easy to narrow down to two or three the men who might have raised them on the night of the murder.

Serge had had dinner that evening in a plush bistro on East Fifty-eighth Street in the company of a tall brunette wearing a light blue dress, a red cap, and, when she left, a red cape. He had seemed slightly depressed, a mood that left him only when the orchestra struck up his favorite melody and he ushered his lady love onto the dance floor.

They left at about 1:30, hailing a cab for which Serge borrowed a quarter from the doorman as a tip, and driving directly to his Fifth Avenue home. In the first hot flush of nebulous tips, hoked-up stories and publicity-seeking informers, word leaked out that Serge had been under close scrutiny that evening by two tough-looking men who spent two hours in the nightclub watching him, followed him out and grabbed a cab that had been stationed there for them to follow the doomed Rubinstein.



lead that a woman in brown was seen wandering through the Rubinstein house on the morning of the murder. Mrs. Rubinstein had seen such a woman at what she thought to be about 4 A.M. and Rubinstein's aunt had been awakened when what she thought was this same woman opened the door of her bedroom, switched on a light, then hastily retreated.

Close questioning of household members revealed that what Mrs. Rubinstein probably had seen was one of the amiable attendants come to prepare Serge's body for removal and what the aunt had seen was the huffier who, informed that a guest was in one of the fifth-floor bedrooms, was investigating. He found the aunt and immediately turned off the light and backed out of the room. Both women, police announced, had probably been mistaken about the hour they thought they had seen the woman in brown.

Other murders, other news took precedence over the Rubinstein case during the second week in February, but on February 15, the wily juggler of monies and morals was back on the front page. Police had picked up a mysterious tip and a man, both of them hotter than Mexican peppers. The tip was that in 1953, Serge had been the intended victim of a kidnap plot. The man, a winnowed, Brooklyn-born, Ohio-raised ex-convict was Herman Scholz who stood five feet two in his stocking feet and couldn't have tipped the scales at more than 125.

This mite of a man proved to be a master-

mind of criminal technique. Described by his employers (he worked as a chauffeur for car rental outfits) as a perfect gentleman, honest and conscientious, he was, in effect, a criminal with a record dating back to his 19th year.

It was he, he admitted to investigators when he was picked up on February 15, who had mapped out a plan to kidnap Rubinstein two years ago. The plan had fallen through because Scholz' accomplice had been arrested for burglary before it could be carried out. But Scholz had liked his elaborate scheme and had discussed it with his underworld associates.

**P**OLICE were not disclosing from whom they received the tip on Scholz, but for two weeks they had followed his comings and goings and finally nabbed the wippy little huckie in his home in Whitestone, Queens, N. Y., where they found in the cellar of his house an arsenal consisting of one Thompson sub-machine gun, a .45-caliber Colt automatic with seven bullets in the clip, a .38-caliber revolver with silencer, a .22-caliber revolver, 50 .38-caliber shells, a blackjack, a switchblade knife and *various blind cord and surgical adhesive tape of the weight, color and quality that was used to bind Serge Rubinstein.*

Scholz was not considered one of the participants in the murder of Rubinstein, but in a thin, almost inaudible voice charged with the fear that came with his knowledge that now he was a marked man for revealing what he knew, he whispered the names of the men in

whom he had confided his kidnap plans. One or more of them, investigators believed, must have been the killers of Serge.

All would have to be run down, checked out, before police knew which of them, if any, had attempted, and hanged, the Rubinstein snatch. At this writing the names of the suspects have not been divulged. Their names are not important. They are the polygenetic John Does of the underworld. They may have been men Scholz met when doing time in Arizona State prison in the 20s. They may be men he planned to use in a bank holdup he allegedly told authorities he was working on when picked up in the Rubinstein case.

They certainly will not be any of the 1200 witnesses who were interviewed by police early in the investigation. Their names probably would mean nothing to Serge.

If he were able to he could take solace only in the knowledge that his kidnaping was planned (if not attempted) by a mind as agile as his own; by a master criminal whose idol was the infamous Willie Sutton, and who, by his own admission at one time had hoped to kidnap Frank Costello, frequently described as the nation's kingpin of syndicated crime, but had settled on Rubinstein because the revelations of the Kefauver committee had wrecked Costello's power and made him a hard risk.

Yes, Serge, it is possible you may have been run in at the last minute as a pinchhitter for Frank Costello. But the men who handled the job were flat-footed fumbles.

## My Conscience Is Driving Me Nuts

continued from page 35

kid yet?" he asked. "No," Daffin sighed. "I'm going to do that now."

He found the Jones boy playing in the neighbor's yard and as he went over Sergeant Jones came out.

"The boy saw it," Daffin said. "If you don't mind..."

"I don't mind anything," Joe told him, "that'll help. Maybe I can help you with my son."

The story took some time to draw out. The boy, at three years, had no idea that his mother was dead nor did he suffer any visible reaction at having watched the attack.

"Mommy was washing the dishes," he told them gravely, "when the man came."

The man was in the front room. He hadn't knocked or rung the bell. Lou Ellen had asked him what he was doing there. He'd come out in the kitchen then. He hadn't said anything, they'd gathered from the child's talk. The man had grabbed Lou Ellen. After a struggle he'd picked up the knife from beside the sink.

"He hurt Mommy," the boy wailed. "I cried and Mommy cried, too." Then they had "rashed," he said. Lou Ellen was screaming. The man had shoved him out of the room. He had played a while. Then the man had come out and talked to him.

"He asked me when daddy was coming home."

Then he had left. The boy had gone in to sit beside his mother, shaking her, trying to awaken her. He had no idea that she had been hurt, in spite of the blood.

There was nothing more they could get out of the boy. It appeared that the killer had

found the front door unlocked and gone in and was in the process of robbing the house when Lou Ellen had come out of the kitchen. The only other possibility was that he had been a house-to-house salesman. It was improbable that he had known his victim or had entered the house with the intent to rape.

Daffin returned to his office and called in his staff. He reviewed the case with the evidence they had.

"I want every house-to-house salesman in the area brought in," he said, "if they have any resemblance to the description of the killer. Bring them here for questioning. One of you get a list of the dead girl's closest friends from her husband. Talk to them. Find out if Mrs. Jones had ever mentioned a man bothering her in any way. She was a mighty pretty girl and it's possible someone they both knew might have made the attack. Someone who knew that Sergeant Jones would be gone at that time of the day."

The assault had taken place, as far as could be judged, at the height of the thunderstorm, when the girl's screams could not be heard outside the house.

"This is the most brutal killing we've ever had around here," he finished. "I want it solved and fast."

The balance of that day and the following morning was spent questioning house-to-house canvassers and the Jones' friends. More than 20 salesmen had been picked up, but each of them was cleared when his alibi was checked.

Friends of the dead girl could think of no one in their circle of acquaintances who might have attacked Lou Ellen.

"She was the prettiest one in the crowd,"

one said, "but anyone could tell she was madly in love with Joe."

The round-up went on, including all dark-haired strangers in the city, others with police records and a check-up of all Tyndall base personnel off-duty at the time.

By the following morning, Wednesday, January 19, the killer would have had time to leave the area and the alert was extended to cover adjacent states. All in all, some 60 men were questioned and released. Daffin had asked that all humdrum and dry cleaning establishments be checked on the chance that the killer had been bloodied and might have sent his clothing out to be washed or dry cleaned.

Their hottest clue came from this source, although it was a puzzling one.

A dry-cleaner reported that late the afternoon before, "a man" had brought in a uniform to be cleaned. It was spotted with blood. The clerk was unable to identify the person who had brought it, but said she had the idea "that he has something to do with the hospital."

The uniform clue petered out when it was discovered that it belonged to a soldier admitted to the hospital the day before following an automobile accident, in which he was seriously hurt.

There were other leads, many of them phoned in anonymously as often happens in such cases, and all of them were closely followed and found to be of no use.

As the days passed and there was no response to the sectional alert, it was feared that the brutal rape-playing might continue to be unsolved. Nothing had been seen of the

dark-haired youth or the blue-gray car. One neighbor told the sheriff that she was positive that she had seen the car in the area for at least two or three days before the morning the attack occurred, which offered the possibility that the killer was some local youth struck by the young housewife's beauty to the extent that he hung around the neighborhood determining when she would be alone.

A week passed and the city council voted a reward of \$1000. Sheriff Daffin, meanwhile, had exhausted his clues. If any information came on the case, he was certain that it would now have to come from outside. He had sent several plainclothes detectives to attend the Oklahoma girl's local services before the body was sent home for burial. But the detectives had been unable to spot anyone resembling the killer in the crowd. The girl's parents had come from Long Beach, Cal., where they had moved.

Sheriff Daffin bore the entire brunt of the search and during the fruitless week he occasionally had made a point of looking up Sergeant Jones. "Nothing yet," he'd say. "I'm trying."

"I know you are," Joe would tell him. He had borne his death, grief and shock with an intense stoicism and only when he was alone did he break down. Lou Ellen had been cherished and adored part of his life and the future they had planned together would haunt him for as long as he lived. The manner of her death would sometimes set him close to screaming and he fought to keep the horrible picture from his mind. But he couldn't help remembering her as she'd been when they were married, still almost a child, yet enough of a woman to have made his life complete. He could see her in his son, in the boy's eyes and expressions, and sometimes when the toddling youngster would ask him where his mommy was, Joe would stifle a sob as he bent down to hold the boy close.

"She's gone away, soldier," he'd say.

With all local leads exhausted, Daffin found it almost impossible to wait for something to happen outside the county. He had another bulletin sent out to sheriffs and police chiefs in every town and county in adjacent states requesting them that they notify him immediately if they picked up a dark-haired man in his early twenties for any crime at all. A person capable of the attack-murder of Mrs. Jones would inevitably find himself in trouble with the law on some lesser crime before much more time passed.

Reports from many of these sources kept Daffin and his deputies busy, often driving to question the suspects only to find that they were able to prove they had never been in Panama City, at least on the date Mrs. Jones was killed.

When Police Captain Ed Cherry of Dothan, Ala., phoned Daffin that he had arrested a dark-haired Dothan youth in his early twenties for a car theft, Daffin's questions were only routine.

"Has he an alibi for the morning of January 18?" he asked.

Cherry didn't know. He hadn't questioned him in connection with the golf slaying at this point.

But, Cherry went on to say, they had arrested the young fellow on the stolen car charge the night before. His name was George Everett, a resident of Dothan, and he had been in trouble before. He had begun by stealing a bicycle at 11, the chief said, and

had only been paroled in 1953 from a Federal prison for the theft of a car.

"He was paroled to a local electrical contractor," Cherry said, "but about ten days ago he ran off with his boss' car."

"Can you describe the car?"

"A fairly old model, a '50, I believe. Sort of a blue-gray color, with the rear body chopped off to carry wire and tools. I can get a . . ."

Daffin was excited now. "Tell me all you can about the case," he said.

They'd been looking for Everett and the car, Cherry said, and an alert had gone out in Alabama. The car had been spotted on a street in downtown Mobile on Wednesday, January 26, the night before. Everett had been arrested that night in a hotel nearby.

"But this might interest you," Cherry said. "We found a hatch of Panama City newspapers on the back seat, starting with the edition carrying the story of the murder of that Jones girl."

He had avoided any reference to the rape-slaying in his talk with Everett, preferring to let the Florida sheriff handle that.

"I'll be right up," Daffin said.

**I**T was a 45-mile drive and Daffin and two deputies made it within the next hour.

Cherry met them at the police station. "Everett's been asking for a lawyer," he told them. "He doesn't know he's a suspect in the Jones slaying yet. Shall I have him brought up?"

Daffin nodded. When the prisoner entered the small room, Daffin watched him closely. He saw a tall, slim, dark-haired youth, handsome in an angular, almost foreign way, with a self-conscious grin and dark, shifting eyes. The youth glanced curiously at the Florida officers, then at Cherry who motioned him to sit down.

"What's this?" he asked. "I told you I stole the car. Why don't you ship me back to the pen and leave me alone?"

Daffin leaned forward.

"How would you like to go back to Panama City first?" he asked. He saw what he hoped the question would bring. The smile didn't change but there was a sudden, small tightening around the youth's mouth, a glint of caution in his eyes.

"What do you mean, 'back?' " Everett said. "I haven't been there."

"Not since you killed Mrs. Jones?"

"What is this? A frame? I don't know who you're talking about."

"Why did you buy all the papers about her murder?"

"I didn't! I was interested in—in a boxing match. . . ."

<sup>42</sup>Where were you on Tuesday, January 18? In Panama City, weren't you?"

<sup>40</sup>No, I was just riding around."

Daffin glanced at Cherry. This was the man, his eyes said. Everything fitted. Almost.

"Let me see your hands," Daffin said. Everett held them out, palm up. There

were no cuts or scars of any kind, but a tell-tale tremor was there.

"Can we get some coffee?" Daffin said.  
"This might take a long time."

For the next two-and-a-half hours they shot questions at the big, dark youth, pinning him to times and places along his haphazard route. He steadfastly denied he had been in Panama City. He had picked up the newspapers in Mobile, he said. He saw

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them his route, but a check on the speedometer of the stolen car showed his stated trip to be more than 100 miles short.

Daffin's shirt was limp, his voice hoarse. But Everett leaned back calmly and smoked and denied any connection with the Panama City crime.

At last the sheriff got up. "There's only one thing left to do," he said. "Since you won't make it easy on yourself, we'll take you back to Panama City with us."

"Can they do that?" Everett appealed to Cherry. "Can't I refuse? Won't they have to extradite me?"

The Dothan police chief nodded. "That's the hard way. I've got another, easier one. I want certain people to see you. Neighbors who got a look at the man leaving the Jones house. The little boy who was there all the time. I'll have them brought here to see you. . . ."

Everett looked down. He played with the fingers of his big hands and they noticed that the defiant grin he had worn constantly was gone. Something had taken it away.

They waited, tense. "The boy?" Everett said. He raised his head and his expression was dark and worried.

"That three-year-old child," Daffin said, "who watched his mother die. I want him to have a look at you."

"No," Everett said. "I don't want to see the boy."

"You can't help it. . . ."

"Not the kid!" His voice was rising now.

Suddenly his hand slammed down on the arm of his chair and his eyes grew large and wild. "Not the boy!" he screamed. For a moment he stared straight ahead, his lips drawing back in a tight mask of fear, and as they watched him, he broke.

"What do you think I been seeing this last week!" he yelled. "The girl? Hell, no! I didn't mind that. But the kid. Those eyes on me all the time while he hawled and told me not to hurt his mommy!"

"I could hardly leave that kid. I stuck around for two hours wondering what to do with him. I couldn't leave him there with— with her. He played with me, that's what he did. Climbed on my lap and played games while his mother lay in the next room. He almost drove me nuts!"

**H**ED killed Lou Ellen Jones, Everett said. He was glad to tell them about it, to get it off his mind.

"I was broke," he told them. "I knew I'd get picked up if I stuck around the coast in that hot car. I drove around Panama City looking for some way to make a buck. I saw the door open in this two-story house and I got the idea that maybe no one was home and I could sneak in and find something I could hock."

He'd stopped in front, he told them, and went to the door. It had begun to rain like hell, almost as if the weather was for him to go on inside.

"Maybe if the rain hadn't started," he said, "I'd have lost my nerve. But I had to get

out of the rain and get inside a house."

He'd knocked, he said, but no one had come to the door. He'd gone in. He was standing in the middle of the living room when he heard the rattle of dishes in the sink in the kitchen.

He turned toward the door but the girl must have heard him, because she came to the entrance to the room. The boy was behind her, peering around her skirt.

"She wanted to know what I was doing there," Everett said. "I told her I just wanted to get in out of the rain. She told me I could get right out again."

He'd started towards her and she had backed away. As he got closer she had screamed.

"I picked up a vase and hit her over the head. All I thought was that if I got caught it would be back to the pen for me again."

The blow had stopped the scream.

"She stood looking at me, one hand up to her head. I saw how pretty she was. I went towards her. She stepped backwards into the kitchen and started to scream again. I grabbed her. I didn't mean anything then. I held her close, trying to keep her from screaming. Real close. Hard. She kept moving against me, trying to get away."

"She was so damn pretty and— and slim—I knew I had to have her then."

"At any cost. I didn't care."

He had tried to kiss her and she had slapped him across the mouth. Rage blended with passion and he had seen the handleless knife close by and reached for it. She pulled herself away.

"I wrapped my handkerchief around the knife," he said. "I don't know what I was thinking. Maybe just to scare her into saying yes. She ran to get past me and I grabbed her and held her tight again."

His desire had made him crazy, he said. He wanted her to stop struggling and in desperation he had struck at her twice, in the back, with the knife. She had begun to bleed.

"When I saw the blood I—I went nuts."

He had dragged her into the bedroom and threw her down on the bed.

"The kid just stood there crying, telling me not to hurt his mommy. I didn't pay any attention to him then."

He had held the struggling girl on the bed and ripped her clothes away. Then she had begun to scream again. He had seen the extension cord hooked to the bedlight and had torn it loose.

"I wrapped it around her throat. It was too late for me to stop. I didn't want to kill her. I just wanted to keep her quiet."

She had struggled for a moment and then laid still. He had taken the kid and pushed him out into the living room. He went back to where the girl lay nude on the bed and closed the door.

"When I came out the kid was playing on the floor. I was back to normal then. I was scared and sick at what I had done. When the kid looked up at me and asked me to play with him, I couldn't leave. Not right then. I had to—make it right, or something, with him."

He had played with the boy for two hours, he said, wondering what to do. He never thought of hurting the kid. He liked kids. He just hated to leave him alone with his "mommy in there like that."

"I knew she was dead," he said. "I knew it before—before I left her there."



"Looks as if someone is stranded on that island again."





"If he looked any worse, Sergeant, he'd have been dead right then," one of the busboys said. "Hollie wasn't the sort of guy to fake anything. We knew he was having the miseries even before he said he was leaving."

"Did he say anything earlier about having a date that night?"

The busboy looked surprised. "No, sir," he said.

"Did he seem upset about anything?"

"Just sick, Sergeant," the busboy said.

Deputies O'Reilly and Parrish drove to the air force base at Nellis. It was the same story over again: Hollie Prestage was a man without enemies, a man no one would want to kill. The base's commanding officer said, simply: "One of the nicest fellows you ever met."

The officers returned to the hotel and visited one of the areas reserved for employee parking. Hollie had always parked here while at work, but no one could recall seeing him drive away Thursday night.

"The man who killed Hollie had big feet, great choppy hair," O'Reilly told the group of kitchen workers. "Somewhere between here and the city dump, Hollie made contact with this man."

He and Parrish then wandered about the hotel's extensive grounds. Someone who might have seen Hollie leave could have an answer to the question: Had he driven away alone—or had there been someone else with him?

The two sheriff's men had been roaming around for nearly ten minutes when they saw a bellhop rushing towards them.

"The boys say you fellows want to know anything suspicious happening out here Thursday night," the bellhop said.

"You see something?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no," the bellhop said, shuffling. "It was around nine that night. I came out to my car here. I was about to get in when I saw a match light up in the heap next to mine. Whoever lit that match was in the back of the car. That's the part that doesn't figure."

"No?"

"No, sir. The car belonged to a pal of mine, and I'd just left him back in the hotel. So I went over and jerked open the door."

"Then I saw him, stretched out on the back-seat floor, a man, holding a cigaret."

"I asked him what gives, and he said he was tired and that was why he crawled in there. Then he asked where could he find a gas station—he wanted to wash up—and I told him there's one up the street a ways. He said thanks and walked away."

"You get a look at him close up?"

"Too dark," the bellhop said. "But he was tall, not badly dressed. From his voice I'd figure he was young, in his twenties."

The deputies rushed over to the service station and talked to the attendant who'd been on duty Thursday night.

"Yeah," the attendant said, "seems like I recall some tall young guy dropping in at the station about nine that night. Used the washroom, then hung around a few minutes near the pumps asking if anybody was driving on to Los Angeles. Nobody would give him a ride and pretty soon he ambled away."

"Back toward the hotel?"

"As I recall."

"Can you describe him?"

"Tall, like I said. Tall and young. . . . But I was a busy man that night, and I wasn't paying much attention to faces. I don't think I'd recognize the lad if I fell over him."

Deputy Parrish smiled. "Then you didn't notice if he had big feet—real big?" he asked.

The attendant smiled back. "Feet?" he said. "Mister, I wouldn't remember if he had legs even!"

The deputies drove next from the hotel to the dump, questioning service station men, liquor store dealers and cafe operators along the way. No one recalled seeing Hollie's car, a 1954 two-tone grey DeSoto sedan—or seeing Hollie himself, either alone or with another man.

"It seems to stack up the way we figured," Deputy O'Reilly told Sheriff Leybold later. "The killer returned to the parking lot and slipped into the back of another car. He wanted transportation to Los Angeles bad, and he didn't care how he got it, or if he had to kill for it."

"And," Deputy Parrish added, picking it up, "the heap he climbed into happened to be a DeSoto—Hollie Prestage's. Hollie comes out of the hotel and drives away, too sick to realize he's got company. Then his passenger gets up out of the back and shoves a gun in his neck and orders him to drive out into the desert. They wind up in the dump. Judging from the bruise at the base of Hollie's skull, he gets slugged, then he's pushed out of the car and pumped full of lead. . . . I personally just can't see a woman in on this thing."

Sheriff Leybold listened as the deputies made with their theories. Then he said: "If our boy headed for Los Angeles he would have had to pass through Yermo. Give them a ring."

Yermo is in California, which contains a series of agricultural check stations at numerous points leading into that vast state. Vehicles entering California are stopped at these points and examined, the purpose being to guard against possible invasion of weevils, fruit flies and other insects dangerous to the state's agricultural empire.

Paper work at check points is held to a minimum, officials recording only the make of vehicles passing through, its license registration and number of occupants.

Deputy O'Reilly phoned the Yermo check station, located 150 miles southwest of Las Vegas. Minutes later he had the requested information: A DeSoto two-tone grey sedan bearing license plates registered to Hollie Prestage had cleared the highway station at 1:59 A.M., Friday, three-and-a-half hours after Hollie had left his job for the night. Number of occupants: only the driver—only Hollie's killer.

"Our boy has had plenty of time to shakedown the car," the sheriff told his deputies. "Let's keep our fingers crossed he's still using it. If he does, he's a fool. But let's hope he does."

An all-points bulletin was on the air with minutes: "Wanted for murder, tall young man in two-tone grey 1954 DeSoto sedan, vehicle probably blood splattered, suspect believed to have unusually large feet."

Half an hour later, California Highway Patrolman Don W. Barr saw the car. Barr was cruising along the California Ridge Route, 30 miles south of Bakersfield and 80 miles north of Los Angeles, when he spotted the DeSoto and the hot license plate.

Barr loosened his leather gun holster and radioed Bakersfield that he had sighted the wanted car and was giving chase. Over the next ridge, at Oak Glen, he kicked the siren button and pulled the big sedan over. His gun drawn, he watched the DeSoto's lone occupant slip out from behind the wheel.

He was a tall, dark-haired, good-looking youth, dressed in a light-blue suit and white sport shirt.

Barr's eyes instinctively fell to the young man's feet. They were extra-large, just as the bulletin had said.

"What's your name?"

"Leland Currier, Jr.," the youth said, easily, as he submitted to a swift frisk job. He had 17 cents on his key and he was unarmed.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty. . . . Say, what's this all about?"

"Where's your home?"

The easy manner vanished. "I'm not answering that," Currier said.

"Who's car is that?"

"Mine."

Barr handcuffed the youth to the wheel of the DeSoto. He could see now that Currier's suit was blood-stained, that the interior of the car looked like a butcher shop. The front seat, the steering column and wheel, the side door panels, even the car's ceiling—all were splattered with blood.

Barr's radio call, meanwhile, had brought other officers to the scene and Currier and the car were taken to Bakersfield. Barr phoned Las Vegas and informed Sheriff Leybold of the capture.

LEYBOLD briefed Barr on details of the murder investigation and said officers would be assigned to bring Currier back to Vegas.

Currier, meanwhile, had taken off on a series of obvious lies. The blood on his clothes? His guns were responsible for that, he said; his guns always bled.

When Barr called his bluff and brought in a dental surgeon, Currier quickly changed the subject and announced he had bought the DeSoto, blood stains and all, for \$20 from a man named "Striker." The transaction, he said, had taken place late Thursday night in Las Vegas.

Did he know the car actually belonged to someone named Hollie Prestage, that Prestage was dead, murdered?

No sir, he didn't know any such thing, Currier said. He'd never met or heard of Hollie Prestage.

But evidence in the car indicated differently. In a small traveling case, officers uncovered a number of garments mingled with Currier's bearing the initials: H. P. Tucked into the suitcase also were several interesting pieces of paper: A bus ticket showing Currier had left San Francisco for Las Vegas on January 16; a receipt from a San Francisco hardware firm disclosing purchase by Currier on January 17 of a .32-caliber Colt automatic for which he had paid \$26.40; a bankbook in the name of Hollie Prestage.

Imbedded in the right inside door panel, meanwhile, the officers had found a .32-caliber slug. They made another find on the rear car floor—four empty .32-caliber automatic shell casings.

Lying there, too, were Currier's service discharge papers. They disclosed he had served in the Marine Corps for two years—ten months of that time in Korea. On December 6, 1954, he had been honorably discharged in San Francisco on an application of hardship.

Currier, shown the papers, admitted he was from Litchfield, Me., and that he was the son of a Maine state senator who had died recently.

Patrolman Barr showed Currier the receipt for the gun and rattled the cartridge casing

retrieved from the car floor in the palm of his hand. Currier started at the sight of the receipt, then he looked straight at the patrolman.

"Okay, I'll tell you everything," he said "My girlfriend . . . she did it. She shot this Prestage guy. But I'll never tell you who she is. I'll take the rap for her."

He said he'd met the girl, a good-looking, in a San Francisco theater lobby three weeks before, that they'd fallen in love right off. When she left for Las Vegas, he said, he followed her there.

On Thursday night, he said, he met Prestage in a bar and they made the rounds of drink spots, finally running into the girl. It was during a drinking spree that the girl had grabbed the automatic and shot Prestage, he said.

"We took the body to the dump and I dragged it into the desert and covered it with boxes. I found \$4.10 on the guy, and I gave it to my girl."

"Where's the girl now?" Barr asked. "I left her behind—back in Vegas"

**B**EFORE the night was over, Currier had supplied other versions of the slaying. In all, he pinned blame on "my girl," whose identity he refused to reveal.

In one story, he said that he and the girl were together in a bar when Hollie Prestage walked in. Prestage appeared to know the girl, Currier said. The girl looked scared.

"This Prestage asked her to go outside with him and I slipped her the gun in case there was trouble. After a while she came back and said the guy was dead in the car, and I went with her to help dispose of the body."

On Sunday night, February 6, Deputies O'Reilly and Parrish returned Currier to Las Vegas. The DeSoto was driven back by Clark County Deputy District Attorney Gordon Hawkins.

Sheriff Leyboldt, meanwhile, had been in touch by phone with Currier's stepmother in Maine. The woman revealed that she had only recently received word from the Marine Corps of her stepson's service release and that she hadn't been aware until then he had used "family hardship" as an excuse for obtaining discharge from the Corps. She added that young Currier's mother had died when he was a child and that this, as far as she knew, was the only time he had ever gotten into trouble.

Once back in Las Vegas, Currier was es-

corted on a tour of drink spots where he and Prestage and the girl had, according to him, "really gone on a toot." Not a single bartender or patron appeared to recall the trio.

Currier said he'd tossed the murder gun from the car somewhere in the desert and promised to show the officers where—but this mission also failed. The weapon has not been found at this writing.

On Tuesday, February 8, Currier was formally arraigned on a murder charge and his preliminary hearing set for March 3.

Sheriff Leyboldt had asked that the preliminary be put far enough ahead so that he and his men could continue to build a case against the prisoner, now under heavy guard in Clark County jail.

Slowly the officers saw that evidence build up.

Fingerprints were obtained from fittings in the back seat of the DeSoto, showing that Currier had lain in wait there.

Currier had also insisted that he, Hollie and the girl had been drinking until "1 or 2 A.M." Friday. Check point records at Yermo, 150 miles away, indicated Currier could not have been there and in Las Vegas at the same time.

But it was the story of the girl, for whom Currier was gallantly seeking to take the rap, that Leyboldt wanted most to disprove. Already the sheriff was satisfied there was no girl in the case. But until the sneaker footprint near the dump road could be explained, he knew that there would always be that doubt.

Leyboldt's men canvassed every shoe merchant in town, appealed for help over the radio and through the local newspapers.

The mystery of the sneaker print was finally solved when a young woman showed up at headquarters, carrying a sneaker. She explained that she and her husband had been hunting in the dump area the day before Hollie Prestage was murdered and that she had stepped briefly from the dump road along which they were walking.

The sneaker was sent to the police laboratory.

It matched perfectly the print which had been picked up at the scene of the murder. 'As far as Sheriff Leyboldt was concerned now, he had a first-rate case with which to go into court.

His date for Leland Currier's trial, at which the guilt or innocence will be judged by a jury of his peers, has not been set at this writing.

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## I Was A Killer's Captive

continued from page 22

that I'd never mention the holdup, if he'd only let me go. I told him I knew I could get a hatching job somewhere.

But Red wasn't buying that. We'd go see his cousin in Covina, he said, and if I kept my mouth shut there he'd think about leaving me in Los Angeles.

Well, we saw his cousin. Honestly, I think he had a cousin in almost every town in the country. I kept my part of the bargain. I didn't let on that there was anything wrong.

When we left there about midnight, Red had changed his mind.

"I want to see Frisco," he said. "I'll think about letting you off when we get there. Los Angeles is too close to El Paso."

I gave up then. I hadn't slept for forty-eight hours. While Red drove through Los Angeles I asked if I could climb in the back seat and take a nap. He checked to make sure the gun was still on top of the heater. Then he said okay.

I curled up on the seat and cried myself to sleep. The last thing I remember before I dropped off was a street sign that said "Hollywood Boulevard."

Then I was dreaming that I'd heard a shot. I woke up with a start. It was pitch dark and cold, like just before dawn. I was alone in the car. The motor was running and the door on the driver's side was open.

The car was parked alongside some gaso-



"We didn't hear anything from the guy," police recalled, but they heard the screams of 17-year-old Constance Cobb; "I'm burning up. . . ."



"You drive," Pasco told Constance, but with only a learner's permit, a gun against her head and his foot on the accelerator, it was too hot to handle.

■ To New Jersey police, Leonard Pasco, 25, was just a "punk" with nine arrests and four convictions. But when a Milltown, N. J. officer tried to arrest him, Pasco disarmed him and fled to a nearby lovers lane, flung open the door of the car where Constance Cobb, 17, her date and another couple sat. "Do what I tell you, or I'll kill all of you," he told them, ordered everyone out of the car except Constance. Ignoring her boyfriend, who told him Constance only had a learner's permit. Pasco put a gun against her temple, ordered her

to drive to New York. Police got an alert, blocked the highway near Jersey City with a squad car. When Constance got to the road block, she crashed into the squad car at 75 miles an hour, overturned in flames. Police who righted the car could hear her scream, "I'm burning up, help me." Then the flames drove them back. When firemen arrived, Constance and Pasco were burned beyond recognition. Her hand still clutched the steering wheel, Pasco's foot was jammed over hers on the accelerator, the gun still in his hand.

## TRAGIC INFERNO



The tragedy belongs to Constance Cobb—the inferno to Leonard Pasco.

To cops, Pasco was a punk; to landlady, a nice boy who paid his bills.



line pumps at a Union "76" filling station. Outside I could see a big red neon sign that said "Grapevine Coffee Shop."

I saw all this in the wink of an eye, the time it takes you to come awake from a dream. Then I heard another shot.

Red came running out of the service station office. He had the gun in his hand and he was stuffing something in his pocket as he ran.

I could hear his breath coming in great panting gulps as he threw himself behind the wheel. He slammed the door and jerked the Ford into gear with one motion. The wheels spun on the concrete and we were racing down a broad, divided highway with hills all around us. I could see the lights of a city in the valley far ahead.

Red didn't say anything for about a mile. I held my breath in the back seat, watching the speedometer needle move past 80.

He knew I was awake, though. He glanced around at me. Finally, he spoke: "You know, I think I killed a man back there."

My throat felt like cotton. I said, "You must have done something bad. I heard two shots." "I just meant to hit him over the head," he said. "But the old guy talked too much and my gun went off."

I started crying. He swung his arm around behind him and struck me on the forehead. "Shut up, you little—!"

After a while he threw a handful of hills into the back seat and told me to count it. It added up to \$101.

It was almost daylight when we got to Rakersfield, the town I had seen from the hills. I knew then we were on Highway 59, going north. Red drove on to a town called Avenal and rented a room at a motel.

Of course I know a lot more about this murder now than I did then. I didn't find out some of the details till a week later.

Just to fill in the pieces, Red apparently got the idea for a holdup driving over the Ridge Route from Los Angeles while I was sleeping. This filling station is at a place called Grapevine, just where you start down into the San Joaquin Valley.

It's the busiest station on the pass. They have a restaurant there, too, but the place was practically deserted when Red came along. That was about 5 o'clock in the morning of December 29.

The station attendant was a nearsighted fellow named Orville Johnson, a 59-year-old bachelor. He'd been working there about a year, living in a cabin behind the place.

I still don't know exactly what happened when Red went in that station. Even Sergeant Joe Taylor doesn't know all the details. Red is the only one who knows the full story, and naturally he tells it the way that sounds best for him.

Anyway, Red went in there and stuck him up. The old fellow took off his gloves and opened the register. The gloves were still there when Sergeant Taylor arrived a couple of hours later.

Then Red and the old man apparently scuffled. Red's first shot went under the door; the officers found the bullet mark there later. Red's second shot hit the old man.

A motorist who was having carburetor trouble found the attendant dead on the floor about 5:30 a.m.

But to get back to my troubles.

You can imagine how it was sitting there in the motel with Red all day. He wasn't just a kid bandit any more. He was a murderer. I knew it and he knew I knew it. He knew that

if I got out of his sight, his goose was cooked.

We were like a couple of wild animals caged up together. I sat in a chair across the room from him. He sat on the bed, fingering that automatic and staring, staring, staring at me. I could read his mind like a newspaper headline. "Should I kill her?" he was wondering.

He wanted to, but he didn't have the guts. We stayed there till dark, then started driving again. We headed back the way we'd come, but turned east through the Tehachapi toward the Mojave desert. Red had some idea about going to Arizona and getting into Mexico.

I pleaded with him. "Not me, Red, please." I begged. "You'd have a much better chance to get away alone. Just put me out beside the road. You'll never hear of me again."

He gave me a wild-eyed look and reached down for his gun over the heater.

"You aren't going any place," he said. "You know too much."

I was begging like a child. "Please, Red. I'd never tell on you. You know that."

"Don't ever try to get out of the car unless I tell you to," he said. "I can shoot straight. You know that now. I'd shoot you down like a jackrabbit if you tried to get away."

I don't know how I lived through those next few days. We just kept driving. Red would avoid the towns. He wouldn't stop except at little out of the way places where he could watch me all the time.

For food, he'd usually stop at a lonely highway station where they had a lunch counter. Then he'd make me get in the back seat while he got out with his gun and the car keys. He'd hurry inside and order a couple of sandwiches, looking out the window at me all the time. He'd bring them out to the car and we'd eat while we rode.

Later, he got a little more confident. He'd take me into a roadside restaurant and sit with me in the last booth in the rear. He wouldn't leave me alone for a minute for fear I'd talk to a waitress.

ONCE I picked up a newspaper and saw an article about a manhunt for a service station holdup-murderer. Red jerked it out of my hand. He read it all the way through, but he wouldn't tell me what it said.

Neither one of us could sleep. I tried to stay awake so as not to miss a chance to get away. Red didn't dare close his eyes for fear I'd get that chance.

New Year's Eve we were stopped by the Arizona Highway Patrol. It was one of those drunk traps.

The officer came up to the car and poked his head in the window beside Red. "Better take it easy tonight," he said. "Lot of drinks out on the road."

I was sitting in the front with Red. I thought I'd risk it. "Officer—" I said.

I felt Red's body stiffen. He took his right hand off the wheel and moved it down to his leg.

The patrolman looked at me. "Yes, Miss?" he asked.

I knew where Red's hand was heading. If I opened my mouth, he'd have that gun out in a flash and there'd be more shooting.

"I was just wondering how far it was to the next town," I said, stupidly.

The officer looked at me as if I were a little cracked. "You can see it right up ahead," he said.

The next two days are just a hazy blur to (Continued on page 96)

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